

Holy Morphs Envy a Radar

Disclaimer: I own NONE of this. All JKR's. She gets the fame. She gets the money. She gets the creepy fan-mail letters addressed to Harry along with pieces of their hair.

A/N: Hi this is my first story. Not much to say. If anyone can find it, there is a song name in this chapter and probably any others I post onto this story. Good luck finding it. Enjoy and review.

(Just so you know. I'm not one of those creepy Harry-fanatic-mail-senders. Mine was sent to Hermione.)

Chapter 1 – Call me Mr. Yardman

Clouds rolled over the late evening sky, looking a lot like they had better places to be. Harry couldn't blame them. Nothing would truly want to stay around Privet drive for very long, it was the kind of place that anything that wasn't in perfect order, like clouds for example, was shunned as a form of indecency. Unfortunately for Harry, his Uncle Vernon saw him as one of those things that wasn't in perfect order and took to beating him repeatedly to punish him.

Harry was used to it now though. After all what's a little bit of physical pain when you're heart is trying to rip itself from your body out of guilt every waking second? And when every night you relive the cause over and over, until it's embedded in the back of your eyes? Harry's guilt was all centred on one person, Sirius Black, Harry's beloved Godfather, the man who had been forcefully ripped from life because of Harry's failures. It was his death that plagued Harry's dreams and woke him every night in cold sweats. It had only been a few weeks since his death and Harry was once again back at Privet drive, watching the clouds rush by as tears stained his face before falling to the window sill.

"Boy, get down here now and make us some food." The ever angry voice of Vernon bellowed up the stairs. Harry stayed where he was. He didn't feel like cooking for those arseholes he was forced to say were family. Of course Vernon wouldn't be pleased, and it would probably lead to some form of beating, but it would do the walrus

good to wait for a while. He might even lose a bit of weight. "Boy, get down here now before I break your legs!" Harry decided that Uncle Vernon had waited enough.

"It's about bloody time, Freak!" Uncle Vernon yelled as Harry put the food down on the table. He followed this up by taking a book from a nearby shelf and hit Harry across his face. Harry went down. Not because of the force of the book but because Harry had soon learnt that if he stayed upright he would receive more hits until he did fall. "Now get back to your room Freak! We have business guests over tonight and I want to make a good impression. So stay out of sight and maybe we'll give you some scraps tomorrow!"

Harry got up and stumbled back to his room, rubbing his face. Slumping over on to his bed, Harry looked up to see Hedwig sitting on her perch. 'Right the letter.' Harry thought as he got up, got some paper and began to write to the order, telling them he was fine and unharmed.

The door bell rang about seven thirty. "Ah, Mr Hop good to see you, and you Mr Yardman. Come in, please. Harry just stayed silent up in his room like he was told. He really was very hungry.

An hour so passed with the people on the floor below talking. Harry tried to concentrate on the voices to keep his mind of darker places, places like the department of mysteries and the graveyard. It didn't work. He kept slipping back to those places when ever he closed his eyes. Suddenly a voice caught Harry's attention.

"Do you mind if I use your bathroom quickly?"

"Oh not at all Justin, it's just up the stairs, second door on the left."

"Thank you Vernon, and please, call me Mr Yardman."

"Oh, of course, and, um, ignore any noise that you hear up there, it's just our son's dog. We kept him up there in a room so he didn't cause too much trouble."

"Oh I absolutely love dogs. Can I have a look at him?"

“NO!” Squealed Mrs Dursley. “I mean, I’d rather you didn’t, he’s not good with new faces.”

“I see. Well if you’ll excuse me” Harry could hear footsteps pounding up the stairs and the bathroom door opening and closing. And then he just lay down again trying not to blink in case he saw Sirius die again.

Mr Yardman was coming out of the bathroom when he saw a shaft of light coming from a door across the landing. Thinking that it couldn’t hurt to check, he crept a cross slowly and gently eased the door open. Inside he saw a 15 year old boy with his head in his hands, crying silently. ‘It’s so sad.’ He thought. ‘Hmm, he’s kinda’ cute when he’s depressed. Whoa, where did that come from? Not part of the job, just leave it alone. Well he is cute and quite well built, and cute, very cute. No, stop that. Well he is.’ He was standing there thinking too much it seemed as Harry became aware to his presence.

“Oops, wrong room, sorry.” He quickly blurted out and fled the door, running back down to where the Dursleys and his business partner were sitting.

About half an hour later, Harry could hear people could getting up and the sound of voices came up the stairs

“Well, Mr Dursley, I must thank you for your hospitality this evening. I’m sure you will be hearing from us very soon.”

“Thank you very much and have a safe trip home.”

“Oh, I’m sure we will. Goodnight Mr Dursley.”

“Goodnight.” The door was shut.

Mr Yardman and Mr Hop walked away at a leisurely pace, talking a little to pass the time.

“Do you think they bought it?”

"Bought it? Please those two were eating it off a spoon."

"So. . . Why did I have to do this again?"

"Because your one of the available people who he wouldn't have recognized?"

"Right. Well, how was Harry then?" Mundungus asked

Mr Yardman was gone and in his place was Nymphadora Tonks. She sighed deeply "Depressed" 'and cute' her head added. "Oh and a slight bruise is all that is visible damage on him."

"Not much new then?"

"No. Oh well. I'll go report to Dumbledore and head home, while you take care of your night shift." She said hopefully

"Oh no. Remember those shifts you've traded with me so you could go dating? I'm calling them all in now so you're stuck here for 2 night shifts."

"What? It was only one shift.

"No. You traded another one two days ago with me for one of yours so you could go on that date with, who was it now, oh yeah 'That hunk from accounting'." Tonks grimaced. "So how did that date go anyway?"

"Well, it ended with him sitting rather shocked and with Ice cream dripping from his head and an eating utensil jammed up his nose and me leaving on the verge of tears."

"Oh, ask you to change huh. Was it the fork again?"

"No, the spoon."

"Hmm, wanted you to change your breasts, huh?"

"Yep. God, I mean how hard can it be to find a guy that likes me for me?"

"What about me, I never ask you to change?"

"You don't count, Dung."

"Why?"

"The only reason you don't ask me to change is because you already know what will happen if you do."

"True enough. Well then" He said stopping. "I can apparate out of view now so I'll just go report to Dumbledore and you can enjoy your double shift. See you in, lets see 2 nights of mine and you're 2 day shifts that makes 2 whole days Tonks. That's 48 hours. Hopefully you won't be too tired when I get back."

"Bastard."

"I love you too." And with that, Mundungus Fletcher apparated away, leaving Tonks on her own and a bit grouchy.

"I need to change out of this suit." She said aloud and headed off to Ms Figgs house to get a change of clothing.

The next morning Harry had woken up on the verge of screaming once more. He was only stopped by the knowledge that screaming would lead to more beatings. Slowly as the nightmare washed over him once more, he broke down onto quiet sobs.

Sirius was standing in front of Harry, smiling with a gleam in his eyes. Harry had smiled when he saw him looking so happy. That stopped as the voice of Voldemort echoed around his head.

"Hmm, where to start. Well best pick up your wand young Potter." Harry's hand reached into his back pocket by itself and took out his wand, aiming it straight at Sirius. Sirius was still smiling at Harry, unheeding. "Well let's start with my personal favourite, the Cruciatus." Green lightning leapt out of Harry's wand and hit Sirius. He fell to the

floor, screaming loudly, but still smiling. Harry tried to stop the magic but he couldn't, he tried to scream as well but there was no air in his lungs. Sirius' screaming carried on and on, though, and he was still smiling despite it all.

"That's enough of that I think. How about something a little more breaking." As he said it a dark blue shone from Harry's wand and engulfed Sirius' body. Hundreds of heart stopping cracks and pops and rips came from his body as every bone below his neck snapped in half and tore through his flesh. This time Sirius' screams were drenched in gargling blood and Harry felt he would be sick. All the time Sirius was still smiling at Harry.

"How nice. Even after all you've done, he still trusts you, just look at that smile. Hmm, I think his eyes are a little too bright and sparkly for my liking. I think we know how to deal with that don't we Harry?" Two small blood red orbs floated from Harry's wand and twirled towards Sirius' head when they made contact with Sirius' eyes a low bubbling was heard and his eyes slowly started to drip down his face and body, making white stains on his shirt. Sirius screamed again as his eyes melted, the smile on his face almost hollow without the light of his eyes. Harry retched as his body tried to throw up with nothing in his stomach. His eyes never left Sirius's face, still smiling.

"I grow bored of this AVADA KEDAVRA!"

Harry stared at his hand in disbelief. How could he have done that to Sirius? But it was his fault that he had died. He should have seen it was a trap. But no. All Harry was concerned with that time was being the Hero. It was all his fault. Guilt surged through his body again as he lay down to cry into his bed.

It was several hours before Harry came out of his sobbing state, his face a mess. 'Right' He thought. 'I need to keep my mind off of Sirius somehow. Let's see. I could read. Hmm. No I can't do that, all my school stuff is locked under the cupboard and I can't pick the lock in case any one sees me. Hmm maybe I could work on my Physique. Well I have no equipment but I can still go for a jog at the moment, yeah, I think I'll do that.'

He had been jogging for about twenty minutes and was starting to feel the effects. His legs were on fire and his breathing was a bit shallow. He sat down on a nearby bench to recuperate.

He had been on there for about a minute when the bush next to the bench let out a snap and a 'bugger' before promptly dumping Tonks onto the ground beside it.

"Well that's the last time I trust that Squirrel." Talks muttered angrily then realising where she was, she smiled stupidly and stood up. "Wotcha Harry."

"Tonks? Mind explaining what you were doing in that bush?"

"Well, it was the only bit of decent cover in the area other than the tree other there, but I'm no good at climbing and a Squirrel in the tree told me that the bush was probably best."

"Umm, wait the Squirrel told you?"

"Huh, yeah I had a left over advanced multilingual spell from a few nights again when I was trying to chat up this cute Albanian man who was really hot and . . ."

"Tonks! That's enough information thanks but do you mind explaining why you were spying on me?"

"Oh, right well, you probably won't like this but. . ."

"Yes"

Tonks took a deep breath and continued, quicker than was necessary, "Dumbledore sent me to keep an eye on you every day and Fletcher to guard you every night and sometimes we were to infiltrate the house to see if they are treating you ok." Tonks closed her eyes waiting for the inevitable. She really did hate it when Harry shouted. It made her sad for some reason, even when he wasn't shouting at her.

"Right, well that's a lot to take in. I can see why he would want to guard me. After what I did, I suppose he was afraid I'd run off. And I

can see why I wasn't told about it but still, it is a bit annoying, I mean it's not really a minor thing to hide from me."

"Wait, so you're not going to shout at me? You're not angry?"

"Not really, just curious."

"Curious?"

"Yeah, how did you infiltrate my house?"

Tonks changed back into her Mr Yardman look, bowed and said, "Mr Yardman at your service young sir."

"So you were the guy looking at me?"

"Yeah."

"Hmm."

"Well I better be going now, you aren't actually supposed to know I'm here." Tonks got up to leave but Harry stopped her.

"Tonks, wait" His voice was quavering. Tonks turned back to face Harry, smiling

"What is it?"

"I'm sorry."

"Sorry? For what?"

"Sirius"

A/N: First chapters done. Updates should be regular. Not sure how much time between each chapter. A max of 4 days unless I give reason for otherwise. As I said, I'm new to this so any reviews are welcome, good or bad as long as it's not just blatant insults. They hurt. :(

If anyone can guess the point of the name then feel free to say so. I'll post up the first person to get it right so they can feel happy. :)

Chapter 2 – Only one?

Harry woke up in his bed. It had been a peaceful sleep this night, different from all the others for so long. He opened his eyes and was met with the ceiling. He could hear low breathing next to him. He turned over and would have fallen off the bed with what he saw had he not been against the wall. As it was his head hit the wall with a slight thud and Harry lay there staring confused at Tonks before the memory of yesterday came flooding back.

Harry had apologised about Sirius because it was obviously his fault that she lost one of the few decent family members she knew. Then it had got a bit weird. Tonks had sighed and then yelled several times in close proximity to Harry's ears that it wasn't his fault. When Harry tried to argue back that it was, she would just yell again and even louder. In the end Harry had accepted it. The prospect of being deafened by Tonks if he didn't learn to agree with her was too much. After agreeing with her, some of his guilt had faded away. It helped him to admit it.

After that they had talked for a bit and Harry had found out that Tonks had to do 48 straight hours and since it was getting late had given her the offer of sleeping in his house. "Technically", he reasoned "you would still be guarding me."

"Hmm, well Mr Potter, are you sure this is not just some excuse to get me into bed with you?" She asked, smiling. Harry turned red and started to stammer uncontrollably. 'Hmm he's even cuter when he's blushing than when he's depressed. NO. He's a boy for god's sake.' After about twenty seconds, Tonks stopped him. "I'd love to Harry. But just a warning, I have been told I snore."

As Harry lay there, looking at Tonks, he became aware of his morning glory poking in his boxers. Harry rolled over in case Tonks was to wake up and see it. Unfortunately it scraped into the wall and Harry took a sharp intake of breath while trying not to yell at the pain. Luckily for him, the pain had quickly put his little friend in its place so he could relax. Tonks woke up a little later and smiled at Harry.

"So. Did I snore?"

“Hmm? No, no you didn’t.”

“Really? Wow. I’ve always been told that I snore.”

“Tonks? Is there any reason why you’ve got your arm resting on my shoulder?”

Tonks blushed, hard, and took her hand away trying to think of a reason. But she couldn’t think of one. She had no idea how or when her hand had gotten there. Harry grinned at her, blushing as well then spoke.

“Well I should probably get up soon. And have a shower. Then I suppose you can have one, unless of course you want to share one with me?”

‘Where did that come from’ He thought.

Tonks just smiled at him and whispered “I may do that one day.” Harry got up quickly to hide his further blushing and headed to take a shower before his Aunt and Uncle woke up. Tonks took the time to look around Harry’s room. It was small, very small. What room there was in the room was taken up mostly by broken toys and unused puzzles. ‘There’s no way these are Harry’s. These guys wouldn’t buy him anything.

Harry came out of the Shower and back into the room with a towel around his waist. ‘Wow he’s hot. A lot more muscle on him than some of the men I’ve dated. Not the full blown-out muscle body but just right. Must be the Quidditch.’ Tonks slowly raked her eyes up Harry’s body, he was thin, almost unnaturally so. His body was firm though and lots of tiny scars outlined the larger ones on his body. ‘Too much, too young. He shouldn’t be fighting at his age.’ Harry Just stood there oblivious to Tonk’s looking. He was too busy looking at Tonks. She was covered to her waist by the bed sheets and she had a ‘weird sisters’ top on that was probably a few sizes too small. It outlined her breasts perfectly. As they both looked at each others faces, they met eyes for a few seconds before both turning away blushing, Tonks

hiding hers with her Metamorphagus powers but not without her hair getting a noticeable red tinge.

Harry was the first to speak. "Well, the showers free." He said still blushing and staring profusely at the floor.

"Thanks." Tonks answered, her hair becoming less red again and changing to a somewhat cool green. She headed out the door and Harry let out a sigh of relief.

'Wow. She's hot.' Harry thought. 'But she's way out of my league. She probably just sees me as that annoying little kid she has to babysit.'

Meanwhile Tonks had stepped into the shower and was washing herself off. 'Man, I can't believe he made my hair turn! That hasn't happened to me since my sixth year.'

Tonks came out of the shower about twenty minutes later and was standing at the door to Harry's room.

"Well Harry, unless you want me to change in front of you, I would give me a bit of privacy." Harry turned decidedly red and fled the room mumbling something about breakfast. Tonks chuckled to herself and used a drying charm before transfiguring the towel she had on into jeans and a T-shirt. Harry came up later with two plates with toast and jam on them.

"Here you go Tonks."

"Thanks Harry." They ate in silence for a few minutes before Harry spoke up.

"Tonks, do you mind if I ask you, the changing thing you did . . ."

"Metamorphagus abilities."

"Yeah that. How... Umm... How exactly do you become a Metamorphagus?" Tonks thought for a bit before answering.

“Well I suppose you can’t really become one except under special circumstances. You’re just kinda born with it. And some people just realize they are later than others. And, uh... you know what; it’s really hard to explain it. People just realize when they notice that something changed suddenly or something never changes. Normally the thing that doesn’t change is something you’re particularly fond of, hair style, colour, length or maybe some freckles that you like or a tan that stays longer than normal.

‘Hair length?’ Harry thought. ‘Maybe I could be... What if I am... should I say something... I probably should...’

“Umm, Tonks, I think I may...”

“Oh! Is that the time!” Tonks interrupted. “Sorry Harry, you’ll have to tell me another time, I have to go to work. I have a meeting.”

“Oh. O.K. It’ll wait, its fine”

“Great. Well, I should see you soon. It was fun talking with you yesterday. Bye.” Tonks apparated out of the room with a small pop and Harry lay back onto his bed. Lying down and thinking, he soon realized that he couldn’t get Tonks out of his head.

‘Aah. I can’t be crushing on her, she’s like six year’s older than me. She is hot though. No stop. She wouldn’t notice me; she’s probably already got a boyfriend. Well there’s still my hair to think about. I should tell Tonks about... wait what if I’m wrong? She’d just laugh at me. I should try and change something to see if I can. Right hair length, I’ll try and grow it.’ Harry sat up on the bed and concentrated on his hair growing longer. About thirty seconds his face was red and he had to breath deeply to stop from passing out. He tried again and again for about half an hour. Then he felt something, he tried to concentrate harder, tried to push his hair out. Then...

Harry looked down suddenly and swore.

He’d wet himself.

Tonks had left Harry’s room with her own personal mind war

'Aah, I can't be crushing on him again. O.K. I got over him before, I can do it again. I mean it's not like he even likes that much. More as a friend, surely. He's probably already got a girlfriend already, anyway.'

Tonks made her way through the ministry of magic towards the main Auror office where her desk and a pile of paperwork were most likely waiting. When she got there she saw that the pile was larger than it had been a few days before.

'Well I guess that's what I get for letting it sit.' She sighed deeply and sat down to work. As she did her mind kept drifting back to that lonely boy who was all on his own at Privet Drive. At Half one she had made up her mind what she could do to make life a bit better for him. She set off for her meeting, hoping that she could get to talk to Madam Bones afterwards.

"Wotcha Harry!"

"Tonks! Why are you here?"

"Well. Work finished early and I had some great news to tell you. Wait, where are your Aunt and Uncle?"

"Family all day outing to Legoland. But anyway, you said that you had good news?"

"Oh right let's go to your room quickly." Harry nodded and led Tonks up to his room where she sat on the bed then stood up again and smiled almost hysterically at him.

"Tonks, do you mind telling me what the news is?"

"Oh yeah, right. O.K." She took in a deep breath. "Guess who can use magic?"

"What? I'm sure lots of people can but how is this good ne..."

"Harry, stop. You're obviously a bit slow on the uptake so I'll answer it for you. You can. Completely undetected."

“What?” Harry spat out surprised, “How?”

“Well I pulled a few strings here and there and old Bonesy owes me a big favour.”

“Favour?”

“Yeah, I walked in on her and Mad-eye making out in a coat cupboard.” Tonks stopped and shivered. “So anyway, she ‘accidentally’ broke your magical sensor device and the time it takes to make another one that is matched to your magical signature is about three months so...”

“I can do magic undetected until I go back to school?”

“Yep.”

“Tonks that’s great.”

“Yep. Now then, first thing we need to do is make this room bigger.”

“Bigger. Why?”

“Well you can’t expect me to live in here all cramped up with you can you?”

“What? You’re going to live here?”

“Yep. That’s part of the good news. I will teach you some higher level magic to help you out? And to teach you properly I must be in close proximity to you at all times. Also, it doesn’t help that I got kicked out of my flat for somehow managing to wipe out the city’s power when I made waffles.”

“That was you?”

“Yep. Now anyway, the room.” Tonks brought out her wand and, with a wide sweep, made the room. Around ten times it’s original size. “Now then, I don’t particularly want to have any need to meet your

family so...A bathroom...A Kitchen...and a bedroom. Oh and a training room. Gotta' have one of those. Add a few homely touches here and there...

"O.K. It's all done." Tonks said as she made of final flick of her wand. "Go take a look around." Harry walked around his new apartment sized room. The different rooms inside it had been walled off and Harry was standing in what he presumed was the living room. It had a sofa and a rug in it along with a fireplace.

"What? No TV?" Was the first thing that Harry said.

"Huh? Oh yeah, sorry I'm no good at transfiguring those. The muggle electrical wires in it really confuse me."

"S'O.K. I suppose I could probably go out and bye one some time."

"Yeah, well. Keep looking round then." Harry moved into the kitchen. It had a fridge, a table, a cooker and a sink in it, along with some cupboards surfaces and draws. Harry supposed that they had plates and cutlery in them. The bathroom had a shower, a toilet and some towels. There was also a sink in the corner with a mirror above it. The training room had a wooden floor with a few targets lining on of the walls and a set of weights up against another. Harry then went into the bedroom. Tonks bit her lower lip nervously.

"What?" Harry shouted out of the room. "Only one bed?"

A/N: Hey there. Thanks for all the reviews and I'm taking some advice and getting a Beta. How do I actually do that? If anyone wants to be my Beta (Can't see why they would) then PM me.

In response to perfectpsyco's post. For the first chapters it may seem a bit like all the others. But as i got more confident with my writing style and so forth, It will begin to branch out from the norm, hopefully.

And finally,

Legoland rules!!

Chapter 3 – How?

Tonks had been teaching Harry for little 2 hours and already she was impressed with how quickly he could learn. She had started by seeing what spells he new already and after that had gone about getting him to master them all wordless. He had managed to get his last spell done about ten minutes earlier although he still had trouble doing the patronus at all. Tonks supposed that Harry was probably still a bit depressed about his Godfather.

Harry was sitting at the side of the training room, looking a little worse for wear. Tonks slid down the wall to sit next to him.

‘Wow, he looks so hot when he’s tired. You know what? I don’t care about the age difference; I have to tell him how I feel.’

Harry meanwhile was trying to think of a way to get Tonks to tell him how she changes without letting on that he might be a Metamorphagus. So far he had come up with nothing that didn’t seem way too obvious. He would have to keep trying. He really didn’t want to make a fool of himself if he wasn’t so he would try to do it alone at first.

“O.K. then Harry that was some good work but I’m hungry now.”

“I’ll make you something. My Aunt and Uncle shouldn’t be back yet so I can get some stuff from downstairs ‘cause there’s nothing in my fridge.”

“Yeah, we’ll go shopping tomorrow and maybe get you some clothes at the same... wait? You can cook?”

“Well, yes. Lotsa’ people can you know?”

‘Wow. Handsome, good to talk to and he cooks. What more could I want?’

“I’ll be back in a second.” Harry sped out the door and came back about a minute later with a bag with stuff in it.

“Ooh, what is it?”

“You’ll have to wait and see and no peeking while I cook.” Tonks let out an annoyed grunt and sat down on the sofa.

“Wow Harry. This stuff is absolutely amazing! What did you call it again?”

“Well, it’s pasta with tomato and basil sauce. With baby sweet corn at the side”

“Mmm, it’s great.”

Tonks still couldn’t believe her luck that she had managed to convince Harry to share a single bed. She had made up many excuses like ‘we’ve shared one before so what’s the harm’. Besides, she had said, it’s nice sleeping with you. It’s really relaxing and calm. Harry had blushed a bit at that point but eventually he gave in.

It had been three days since Tonks moved in and Harry now had a kitchen stocked with food although he had managed to convince Tonks that he didn’t need clothes just yet as long as he promised to go by the end of the week. Harry was about a quarter of a way through sixth year magic already but no matter how much Tonks pleaded, she couldn’t get him to show her his patronus.

“O.K. then Tonks. I’ll make you a deal. You can take me clothes shopping but if it takes longer than an hour and a half then you’ll have to cook for a change.”

“Well Harry It’s your death wish. I’ll tell you what. If it takes more than two hours I’ll stop repeatedly telling about that cute guy I met in aisle ten while we were shopping. Deal?”

Harry sighed before agreeing. “Deal. But I am going to teach you to cook one of these days. Can’t live with me for ever after all.”

In the end it took about three hours for Tonks to finally decide she was happy with what she had got for Harry. He had got seven shirts, three pairs of jeans, two tracksuit bottoms (Tonks said they would

start a fitness regime soon), a dozen boxers and a watch. Tonks had insisted that she pay for it and Harry had to agree because he had no muggle money. But he did say that he would pay for some of the next things that needed paying for.

When they got back to the apartment, Harry chucked all of his new clothes onto the floor and sagged down on to the sofa. "I am never setting foot in another clothes store again."

"Oh come on. That's a bit of an exaggeration."

"No it's not. You wouldn't let me sit down once and I'm pretty sure that the shop clerk was eyeing me up."

"What's wrong with a girl taking an interest in you?"

"It was a man!"

"So?"

"Forget it. I'm just gonna' go and make some food. Any Preference?"

"Nope. Whatever's fine."

Harry came back into the living room with some toasted cheese sandwiches. They talked about stuff while they ate. Harry found out that Tonks had been at Hogwarts for one year while he was there and Tonks had found out several of the things that had happened to Harry during his years there. Harry had left out some of the harsher details because he didn't want to have her pitying him.

Harry sat for a bit, thinking before he finally decided that the Metamorphagus question had waited long enough. He chose a way of asking that didn't seem too make it too obvious that he thought he was one.

"Um, Tonks?"

"Yes Harry."

“Well, you know you’re Metamorphagus powers?”

“Yes?” Tonks answered, slightly concerned,

“Well, you know you can change into anything. I was just wondering, could you...”

‘Oh god, he’s gonna’ ask me to change. Guh! Why did I think he’d be any different than the others? He’s just like the rest.’

“...could you tell me how you do change?”

“Wha’?” Tonks almost yelled, amazed. ‘Maybe he’s not like the others’ “Why do you want to know that Harry?”

“Um, just curious.”

“Well, I guess I just imagine what I want to look like and then, my magic just kinda’ flows to that area and changes it.”

“Huh? Sounds hard.”

“It’s not really. Where most budding Metamorphagi fail is trying to push it too much. You just kinda’ have to let it flow.”

‘That explains the soiling myself.’ Harry thought a little bit glumly.

“O.K. then Tonks thanks for explaining.” ‘I’ll try that later when she’s not around.’ He said to himself. ‘If she’s ever not around, that is.’ Luckily, Harry’s wish was fulfilled. Tonks explained that she had to go to an order meeting that night.

“Stupid Order meetings. All we ever do is sit there and talk about how bad things are. And we never do anything about it! It’s so much more fun just to stay here talking to you. You know what I’ll pick up a TV on the way back. A nice one. Maybe a DVD player too. I had one of those in my old apartment. Hmm... too bad it broke, eh?”

“Alright then Tonks, I’ll see you later.” Tonks apparated away to the meeting and Harry quickly dashed into the bathroom and stood in front of the mirror.

‘O.K. Just visualize what I want to look like. Longer hair. Let the magic in me flow to the area.’ Harry closed his eyes and tried to relax as much as possible to let the magic flow better. Though he was careful not to relax too much. He didn’t want another accident again.

He had been standing in front of the mirror for about an hour and the only thing to happen was him nodding off and hitting his head on the mirror. He opened his eyes to look at himself. No change. He sighed and closed his eyes again. How was he supposed to know what it feels like for magic to flow? He tried thinking about how it felt with his wand. There was always a slight tingling before and after when he used it. He tried to imagine that feeling in his hair.

The tingling sensation shot from his chest and up past his face, making him laugh a bit. It shot up into his hair and out of the ends. Harry opened his eyes. He gaped at his reflection in the mirror. His hair was twice his normal length and skimming his shoulders.

‘Wow. It worked’ Harry ran a hand through his hair, the weight of it was keeping it down and actually made him look quite presentable. ‘Hmm. Maybe I should keep it like this more often.’ Shaking himself from his train of thought he set out for his next task. Changing back.

After the first time he knew what it felt like so he could change back in about two minutes. He then set about trying to change the colour of his hair. It was about the same feeling and he could eventually manage to fade from one colour to another with relative ease.

He could hear knocking at the door and wondered how long he had been standing in front of the mirror for. Shaking it off, he changed back to his normal self and answered the door.

“Wotcha Harry.”

“Hey Tonks. How was the meeting?”

“Well, Dumbledore had asked how I was doing guarding you and I told him that I was training you. He seemed pretty O.K. with it. Especially when I told him about your magic tracker. So we’re all clear for the training then.”

“Great. Any news on Voldemort? Hey! You didn’t flinch or anything.”

“Yeah, I kept repeating his name over and over in my head while doing random stuff over the last week or so. Got me some weird looks from my co-workers when I kept flinching all the time. But eventually I got over it. Voldemort. Voldemort. See. Voldemort. Voldem...”

“O.K. I get it. So any news?”

“Nothing much. Snape says he’s gathering forces after some of his best got captured at the Department of Mysteries thing.” A pang of guilt shot through Harry’s body. He hadn’t thought about Sirius for days. How could he be so selfish?

Tonks obviously noticed the look on Harry’s face because she shook him violently and said “look. I miss Sirius too. But you can’t go beating yourself up every time you think about him. It wasn’t your fault. O.K.?” The way Tonks said it made it more convincing than when other people did and Harry lightened up a bit.

“Hey, I know how to cheer you up. I got a big TV!” Tonks started patting down around her body trying to remember where she put it. Then she remembered and, completely unembarrassed, put her hand down the front of her top. She rummaged around for a few seconds before pulling out a small TV which she quickly made bigger and placed in front of the sofa.

“You kept it in your cleavage?” Said Harry, blushing a little.

Tonks gave him a sheepish grin and replied. “Yeah well, I don’t have pockets in these jeans and it was the second easiest place to put it.”

“Second easiest?” Asked Harry, not liking where his was going.

“Yeah. You might wanna’ give me some privacy while I get the DVD player out.” Harry turned bright red and span round quickly. Tonks let out a chuckle. “It’s O.K. Harry I was only joking. I’ve got the DVD player in my bra too.” Tonks blushed a little, realizing what she had just said. “Alright then, anyway. Um... I got a couple of movies. Let’s see there’s ‘The Matrix’ or there’s ‘Shawn of the Dead’, which I haven’t seen before but it says it’s a romantic comedy - with zombies, which I thought sounded quite nice.

Harry stood staring at Tonks for a second before asking, “Tonks? Do you even know what zombies are?”

“Well, of course... I mean... it’s pretty obvious... it’s...it’s... um... a type of cake?”

“No. Zombies are a type of undead creature a bit like vampires but they eat all the human flesh not just the blood. Also their not damaged by sunlight.”

“Oh. I was wondering about all the ugly looking guys on the cover. So... which do wanna’ watch?”

They ended up watching The Matrix while eating Jacket potato with baked beans and cheese. Harry had decided not to tell Tonks about being a Metamorphagus just yet. He would find a way to truly surprise her. Then. Who knows? Maybe he’d get enough courage to surprise her even more.

Every couple of days, Tonks had to go to an Order meeting to report on how her teaching Harry was going. Harry used these times to practise his Metamorphagus powers. He progressed quite quickly in the few hours that he had and within a week he could change his hair and facial features at will. A couple of times he had even dared to make faces, literally when Tonks wasn’t looking and then change them back again.

His training with Tonks was going amazingly well. He had almost completely mastered using wordless magic for every spell in the sixth year curriculum. Tonks had tried to get Harry to use do his Patronus

but he said that any happy thought just got swamped by the sadness from Sirius' death.

It was when Harry was trying to change his face to match other people's ones like Ron's and Hermione's when the perfect idea of how to show Tonks his powers came into his head.

"Look, Tonks. I said no!"

"Please. Just a little one?"

"No."

"Pleeeeeease, for me."

"I told you before. No!" Tonks had challenged Harry to an arm wrestle about ten minutes ago and was still pestering Harry despite his constant refusal's

"What? Afraid you might be beaten by a girl?" Tonks asked sticking out her bottom lip and giving Harry puppy dog eyes. Harry just looked at her and stated

"I'm not afraid I will. I know I will."

"Aw, you're no fun Harry."

"Whatever. Don't you have some meeting to go to?"

"Oh crap! I'm late as it is. Seeya' in a bit Harry." As soon as Tonks apparated out, Harry had launched himself off of the sofa to prepare for his surprise. This was going to be good. Tonks would be so pleased.

Tonks was pissed off. There's not a lot that can really piss Tonks off. Being an Auror moulds a sense of conditioning onto someone. But there were a few things. Openly being told in front of the whole order that she was a 'clumsy oafish whore with as much usefulness as a common house fly' by that bastard Snape was one of those things.

So she wasn't in a good mood when she apparated to the end of Privet drive (she couldn't apparate straight to Harry's 'apartment' because of a ward she put up that meant you could only apparate out, not in). She trudged to Harry's relative's house and unlocked the front door with a simple wand movement. She walked past the Dursleys as they silently fumed at her intrusion (they had learnt not to do anything about her after she had swapped their minds around for a few days. Not technically legal but hey, what the Ministry doesn't know can't hurt them). She went mindlessly up the stairs and knocked on Harry's door. What she saw when he answered it shocked her to say the least.

Looking back at her from behind the door was none other than... herself? Tonks almost freaked. She would have. But she was an Auror. Aurors don't Freak. Often.

Instead she decided it must be a Death Eater using Polyjuice. And that must mean that Harry was in trouble. Quickly, she shot an advanced stunner at the other her and sent her flying towards the wall opposite the door. The other her hit the wall with a crack and fell face down on the floor. Tonks walked over to the body and rolled it over. What she saw then was enough to rival all the shocks she had ever had in her life put together.

Harry had thought there would be many ways for Tonks to react. Surprise. Fear. Screaming. Harry had decided to change back quickly to show Tonks it was him. That way she wouldn't be too scared. Harry had not really thought the plan through well enough to take Tonks' job into account so one reaction he wasn't expecting a stunner in the face.

As he flew through the air, Harry's features changed back to normal and just before he passed out from a mixture of the stunner and the hit against the wall, he heard someone say.

"Harry?"

A/N: For any American/European/Anything not really British people out there. Baked beans are basically beans in a tomato sauce and with quite a bit of sugar. It's loved by almost everyone here in Britain

and as such, Jacket potato, Beans and Cheese is a Great British Pub food.

Anyway, another chapter down and it looks like Harry won't be able to Surprise Tonks more just yet. Not much else to say. 'Cept that this Chapters song name is a little harder. As a hint, anyone familiar with JSRF, this is a song on there. One of my Favourites. I'll tell you what it is next Chapter so those who got it right can be happy. So... until next chapter, um... yeah seeya' and whatever.

Chapter 4 – Feel them

When Harry next opened his eyes he was lying on his bed in his room. His head hurt and he was vaguely aware of the fact that he couldn't move his right arm. He tried to speak but ended up in a coughing fit. He could hear Tonks next to him speaking but was unable to register what she said. He tried to sit up but he was pushed back down and a cup of water was pushed between into his lips. He drank it down quickly and tried to sit up again. Pain flared up in his back and brought him harshly back into full reality. He could hear Tonks start to speak again.

"Bloody hell, Harry. What were you doing?"

Harry coughed and spoke, feebly, "Surprise."

"Why the hell didn't you tell me you were a Metamorphagus like me? I've been waiting forever for someone like me. Why didn't you tell me?"

"I was going to, but you shot a stunner at me."

"Well what was I supposed to do? I was looking straight at myself. I thought you were a Death Eater or something."

"Hmm... I guess I didn't really think it through."

"Of course you bloody well didn't!"

"Sorry."

"Forget it. We have more important things to do." Tonks lightened up a bit. "Like finding out how much you can do. Come on, get up."

"Um, Tonks. Is there any reason I can't move my right arm?"

"Huh? Oh right. I forgot to undo the stunner effect." Tonks said flicking her wand and restoring feeling to Harry's arm. It hurt.

Harry lit out a little grunt and said “Stunner huh? You’ll have to teach me that one.”

“All in due time. But get up now. We have work to do.” Harry soundlessly got up and followed Tonks into the living room and sat down on the sofa next to her.

“Now let’s see how much you can do. Right, change your hair to blue. Now shoulder length. Green. Knee length.” Harry made all the changes Tonks said as she slowly went through different facial features and hair styles. “O.K. then Harry, that’s the basics covered. Now we can work on body changes. Major changes come with time and practise and as for organ changes...well... we’ll not do those. Could be fatal.” Over the next few days Tonks trained Harry to be able to change his body features at will. He could even manage to make his eyesight perfect for a few minutes which would come in handy if he ever lost his glasses in a fight.

“O.K. then Harry, you’ve progressed greatly so far and the next stage is being able to change to the other gender.”

“Um... I tried to do that when I turned into you to surprise you. I couldn’t do it and all I got was rather itchy armpits.” Harry said, blushing slightly.”

“Well that’s because you have no idea what it feels like to have...erm...womanly parts.” Harry blush grew deeper. “So... to properly change you need to know about what you’re changing to.” Without warning, Tonks suddenly grabbed Harry’s hand and pressed it into her breast. Harry looked at her in horror but didn’t pull his hand away immediately. Tonks quickly acted and said. “Don’t worry Harry. I won’t hold it against you in the slightest. You need to this in order to progress so go on. Feel them.

Harry was crimson but did as Tonks said and started to feel her breasts with his hand. They were firm but had a certain soft feel to them.

‘Oh my god, Harry Potter’s feeling my breasts. Can’t let it show that I’m enjoying this.’ Tonks thought

'Oh my God, I'm feeling Tonks' breasts. Can't let it show that I'm enjoying this.' Unfortunately for Harry, His body had other ideas. Harry became aware of the pressure building up in his pants and slowly pulled his hand away from Tonks' breasts. Tonks let out an unnoticeable, sorrowful sigh as his hand broke contact. She looked up into his face which was an even deeper red than Tonks thought possible.

"Well? Did it help?"

"Er, yeah. Thanks Tonks."

"O.K. just try and remember what it feels like and imagine that on you." 'Hehe. He's thinking about my breasts. Focus. Sorry' "Go on. Try it now." Harry thought about the feel of Tonks breasts and tried to imagine them on him. 'Not really the right train of thought for a boy of my age but oh well.' He let the magic flow out of the front of his chest and, when it had finished opened his eyes.

"You did it Harry!" Yelled Tonks. "Let's see... looks good for a first try. O.K. now try and change back." Harry imagined himself as him again and he changed back. "Great job. When I changed I couldn't change back for a couple of days. Luckily it was the summer break and I could hide in my room.

"Now as for the lower parts..." Harry tensed. He didn't like where this was going. "You'll just have to keep that the same and hope no one notices at the moment because I am not going to let you feel down there" 'as much as I'd like to.' She added mentally. Harry let out a relieved sigh. At least he didn't have to go too far.

"When you find someone that will let you then you might want to try and get a good feeling of what it's like. The next thing we will do is voice changing. The key to voice changing is not to try and change your vocal chords but to imagine what you want to sound like. Try and imagine sounding like me."

Harry did and felt a tingling in his throat. When it stopped he tried to speak. "Did it work? Aaargh!" Harry sounded like Tonks. "O.K. This is

weird. Takes a lot of getting used to at the moment. I mean, I sound like you?”

“Yeah. Now imagine what you sound like and change back.” Harry did that and when the tingling subsided he was able to speak like himself again

“Hmm. Now that I’m reasonably good at it, do you think we should let the Order know?”

“Hmm. I suppose it would help but we should make sure only the trusted people know. We may have a spy in the order and we can’t let Voldemort find out. Could be an advantage over him if he doesn’t know.”

“Snape?”

“No. As much as I hate him. It’s not him. Dumbledore trusts him so I do to.”

“Well then when should we tell them?”

“We’ll keep practising for a week or so and we’ll tell them at one of the higher Order meetings.”

“O.K. Well. Seeing as you’ve taught me so much already. I’m gonna’ teach you something.”

“Me?”

“Yep. You’re gonna’ learn how to cook.”

“Are you sure that’s a good idea?” Said Tonks doubtfully.

“What could go wrong?”

The kitchen had caught fire several times but by the end of the night, Tonks had successfully made a cheese omelette.

Harry fell onto the sofa with a largely blackened face.

“Well that was... different.”

“I told you I can’t cook” Tonks said with a sheepish smile on her face.

“That’s not true. You just can’t cook well. You need more practise is all.”

“Well as long as you don’t mind more kitchen fires then I’d like to carry on learning.”

“Great. We can make Fried eggs and ham tomorrow morning”

“Mmm, sounds great.”

By the end of the week, Harry had mastered sixth wordless sixth year magic and was just below Tonks level in his Metamorphagus skill. Tonks had told him that after the next Order meeting they would be starting physical training. The Order meeting was also when they would reveal Harry’s Metamorphagus powers to everyone. Tonks had managed to cut down the kitchen fires to a minimum and could make basic breakfast and dinner meals. Harry and Tonks were sitting on the sofa watching Equilibrium. Harry had decided that he rather liked Sci-fi films the most and was looking forward to next week when Tonks said she would show him the star wars saga.

“Oh Harry. I’ve got it!”

“Got what?”

“The perfect idea of how to tell the order that you’re a Metamorphagus. Right all we have to do is...”

Tonks had side apparated Harry to outside 12 Grimauld Place where Harry promptly threw up. Tonks patted him on the back and moved to the door, pausing to let Harry catch up.

“Um, Tonks. How am I supposed to be part of the meeting if I’m not part of the Order?”

“Don’t worry, Harry.” Tonks said, knocking on the door. “I told Dumbledore that we had made an important discovery that needed you here to show it.”

“O.K.”

“Tonks, Harry. Come in.” The smiling face of Mrs Weasley greeted them at the door. The meeting has just started. Tonks and Harry moved through the door to the kitchen.

“Late as usual Potter.” Snape’s voice itched across the room.

“What’s the matter Snape? Miss me?” Was the reply. Snape went red with anger but before he could speak. Dumbledore stood up and motioned for every one to be quiet. The Order members then took it in turns to report on the happenings of the wizarding worlds and what Voldemort was doing.

After an hour and a half, Dumbledore finally motioned to Tonks and said. “Nymp... Miss Tonks, would you know like to comment on the discovery you and Harry have made.” Harry gave Tonks a nod and she stood up.

“Well. I think you’ll all be happy to find out. I have discovered that I am a Metamorphagus.”

“We all knew that already.” Snapes icy voice shot out.

Tonks merely smiled and said “Did you?” Before turning back into Harry while the person who everyone thought was Harry turned back into Tonks at the same time. Snape just sat on his chair looking between Harry and Tonks with his mouth wide open. Harry had to hold back a laugh at Snape’s expression which was being mimicked on every face on the table. Except for Dumbledore’s.

“This is excellent news Harry. This should give you a great advantage over the side of darkness.”

“Thanks, professor.”

"That was great Harry. You play me really well." They were back at Harry's apartment and were sitting on the sofa laughing.

"You were better at doing me though."

"Not that hard really. All I had to do was sit there with a bored and depressed look on my face."

"Is that really what I'm like?"

"Not as much anymore but the last time they saw you, you were."

"O.K. I'm gonna' go and make some popcorn." Harry came back a few minutes later and sat back down next to Tonks. "Did you see the look on Snape's face?"

"Did I? You could have put the Eiffel tower in there. It was priceless."

"Yeah, he took so long to register it that I thought he was going to go blue for lack of breathing."

"Mmm, but I think we had that effect on every one on the table. Heck, we were lucky that Moody didn't blast us to oblivion for being Death Eater impostors. Anyway though, Harry, you should best get an early night. You're starting physical training tomorrow. Training starts at the crack of dawn. But seeing as I don't actually know when that is... Five o'clock will do fine."

"Five o'clock?! Bloody hell Tonks, that's early!"

"Hey, you're starting to get out of shape. You need to get back in the game."

"Been looking have you." Harry said, smiling. Tonks hair turned bright red. She began to stammer.

"N-no-of-c-c-our-i-m-mean-w-wel-j-just-just go to bed!" Harry just got up and walked into the bedroom, laughing all the way. Tonks followed once she had her hair in check.

‘Cheeky bugger. He made my hair turn again.’

A/N: Old Dumbles seems very accepting doesn't he. Wonder how long that could last

Chapter 5 – A game

“Rise and shine sleepy head.”

“Ugh. Just five more hours.” This was met with a sub-zero spell that fastened around Harry’s pelvis and made him jump out of bed screaming. “Aah, Bloody hell Tonks. What was that for?”

Tonks just stood there with her arms crossed, badly masking a smile. “Five more hours is not the right sort of attitude to start the day with mister. Now go and get some slacks on before I increase today’s workout.

The rest of the morning continued with twenty push-ups, one hundred sit-ups, twenty more push-ups, a mile of jogging, ten push-ups, a mile of jogging, ten push-ups, a mile of jogging, ten push-ups, a mile of jogging, ten push-ups and then one hundred more sit-ups.

By the end of the ordeal, Harry was well and truly knackered. Too bad for him that he then had to spend three hours spell training before he could shower or sleep. It was almost midday by the time he finally got into the shower. He slumped up against the side of the shower and promptly fell asleep. He was woken by icy cold water pattering on his head.

Slowly getting up, he could feel the stiffness in his arms and legs caused by the work out and by sleeping in an awkward position. He got out of the shower and dried himself off before making his way to the bedroom to get changed. When he left the bedroom he was greeted with Tonks smiling face and a plate of food.

“I made you Cheese and tomato omelette, I think you deserve it. Some of the trainee Aurors can’t make it as far as you just did. And they’ve been training for months.”

“And yet, I feel like shit.”

Tonks chuckled a little. “Well I didn’t say it would be easy. But it should get easier for each run we take.”

"I'm sure." Said Harry while taking another bite of his omelette.

"Well, Trainings done for the day and all your Metamorphagus skill needs is practise so... what do you want to do today?"

"How 'bout we go see a movie?"

"Hmm, sounds good. One condition though."

"What?"

"No Kissing on the first date."

Harry blushed but quickly replied. "Well then, I can't wait for the second one." This made Tonks blush a little as well.

"Aw, how nice. Just for that, you have to go with bright green hair."

"O.K., as long as you go along with a face full of freckles."

"Hmm, I think it'll be worth it."

"Let's go then."

"Wow, Harry. We've been walking for twenty minutes with every one staring at us and not once have you complained. What gives?"

"I'm used to it. If it's not the boy-who-lived or the 'crazy kid who thinks you-know-who's back' then it's 'that deranged criminal orphan that no one likes'"

"Deranged?"

"Mmm. Some rumour the Dursleys spread about me to stop me talking to people and revealing my 'horrible' secret."

"Wow. That's bad."

“Eh. But I suppose it’s better than living under a cupboard for eleven years.” It was the way Harry said it, calm and uncaring of the horrors of his young life, which sent a shiver down Tonks spine and opened up a new hall of respect for the boy with too much on his shoulders.

They reached the movie theatre and ended up watching ‘Iron man’ with a box of large salt popcorn and two large Cokes, Tonks’ was diet. When they got home again, Harry quickly became bored of looking at the ceiling.

“Well it’s almost time for tea now Tonks so it’s time to teach you one of the most important cooking tips of all time. How to order pizza.”

“I know how to order a pizza, Harry”

“Good. I’ll have a large Hawaiian with extra pineapple.” Tonks just sighed and went into the Kitchen to order. She came back five minutes later and told Harry that the pizza would be twenty minutes.

Sitting down on the sofa next to Harry, Tonks began to speak. “You know Harry, I’ve realized there’s a lot that I don’t know about you. I think I have an idea about how we can solve it. Right, there’s this little game I’ve been told about. It helps people get to know each other better. Basically, you start off with five basic questions that both people have to answer. Then you have five others that you want to know about the other person and they have to answer them. With all the questions, both people have to tell the truth or it just ruins the game. Apparently it used to be played with Veritaserum before it was made illegal for public use. Anyway... you wanna’ play?”

“Sure.”

“Great. O.K. we start off by writing down five basic questions that we’ll both answer. Let’s see...” Tonks grabbed a pen and paper and began writing. “Favourite food, favourite song, favourite colour, umm...”

“Favourite book.” Harry added

“O.K. then and finally... first crush.”

“Hmm.”

“What?”

“Nothing.”

“O.K. then now we each to write down five questions that we would like to know about the other person.”

“Alright.” Said Harry as he started to think about questions to ask. ‘She’ll probably be coming up with horrible ones. Well might as well return the favour.’ Harry thought.

Tonks, on the other hand, was thinking ‘Oh I hope this works.’

By the time they had both finished writing down their questions, the Pizza man could be seen walking up the drive. Harry, seeing this, ran down stairs to stop his Uncle from complaining about needing to answer the door.

“O.K. Tonks...” Harry said as he came back threw the door and put the pizzas on the sofa. “...We’ll play the game, after we’ve finished our pizzas.”

“O.K.”

“Alright then. Let’s start.” Said Tonks once she had finished her last bit of pizza. Harry had left his crust so he finished first. “First question is ‘what is you’re favourite food?’”

“Mint ice cream.”

“Strawberry jelly.”

“O.K. what’s you’re favourite song?”

“‘Love potion’ by the Weird Sisters.” Replied Tonks.

“Hmm. ‘Civil war’ by Guns N’ Roses.”

“Right, favourite colour?”

“Green.”

“Purple, why green?”

“My mum’s eyes were green.” Harry said a bit glumly.

“Oh, sorry. I didn’t mean to bring it up.”

“It’s alright. Now then, what’s your favourite book?”

“Hmm. I dunno’. Don’t read that often. I suppose it would have to be ‘Northern Lights’

“Never heard of it. What’s it about?”

“A girl in an alternate dimension. Tries to find her friend who was taken. It’s pretty good. Anyway, what’s yours?”

“Hmm. ‘Good Omens’

“What’s it about?”

“The end of the world.”

“Cheery.”

“It is actually. I read it after Dudley chucked it. Quite funny really.”

“Oh. Well. That just leaves... Who was your first crush?”

Harry had a sharp intake of breath and said in a barely audible whisper “Well. It’s kind of odd.”

“Go on, what is it?”

“Well, in my first year at Hogwarts, I spent more than my fair share of time at the Hospital wing and, well, whenever I was alone and no one

else was there I would wake up some time and there'd be this person there. I don't know who she was but I kinda' got looked forward to her being there. I guess it was my first crush though I'm not sure if she was real."

'Oh my god, He was awake?" Tonks thought to herself.

"What's yours then?"

Tonks blushed a bit and said "Promise not to laugh?"

"O.K."

"Remus Lupin."

Harry didn't laugh. But his mouth was hanging open for a good long time. He finally pulled his jaw up to say something. "You're joking?"

Tonks was still blushing. "No."

"Moony. Seriously?"

"Yeah. He was a friend of my parents and he was always so kind and smart and helpful."

"Hmm. Don't worry, I won't tell him."

"Thanks... O.K. then it's now time to ask the personal questions. You got yours?"

"Yeah."

"Good. You go first."

"O.K. Well I'll start with an easy one. What's your wand made of?"

"Why'd ya' want to know that?"

"Just curious."

“Well, I guess there’s no harm in telling you. It’s a twelve inch maple wood with a double phoenix feather core. It’s good for faster wand movements.”

“Wow. Sounds... complicated. Well it’s your turn for a question.”

“Right. Well... um...what’s your Patronus looks like?”

“A stag. Why?”

“Can I see it?”

“I...I...I suppose I could try.”

“Thanks.” Harry and got up and drew his wand. He thought about the time he had been spending with Tonks lately. The way she laughed. The smell of her hair no matter what the colour. And the time they had spent just talking. He thought about it all and how happy Tonks had made him just by being there.

“Expecto Patronum.” He said and out of the end of his wand, his Father stepped out, majestic in his stag form. He looked around for a few seconds and seeing there to be no threat, turned back to Harry and Tonks, Bowed and dived back into Harry’s wand tip.

“It was beautiful.”

“I know, thanks.”

“I’ve never seen one so strong or that acknowledges people. It’s amazing.”

“Thanks.”

“Well. It’s your turn now.”

“Hmm...”

“Have you ever had a crush on one of the teachers? And if so, who?”

Tonks hung her head and replied. "Yes."

"Who was it?" Harry asked, smiling.

Tonks blushed a bit and said "Flitwick."

"What?" Harry almost burst out laughing, but decided against it.

"Well. It was in my first year. He was so cute and well... I had a bit of a crush on him."

"Well that's...odd."

"Shut up. You probably had a crush on sprout. Which leads me to my next question, have you?"

"Yes." Harry's smile faded immediately."

"Go on. Who was it?" Harry mumbled something incoherent. "What was that?" Tonks said smiling again.

"Professor McGonagall."

"What?"

"I don't know how it happened. It was in my second year and well... I just don't know. It happened."

"Now that is odd."

"Shut up. Anyway, what's the most embarrassing thing that has ever happened to you?"

"Oh god. Well I guess you could count walking all the way down to the great hall without clothes on as the most embarrassing thing ever."

"No way. How?"

"Well... my ex-boyfriend decided to get back at me for dumping him. So... he put a glamour charm on me that made me think I had clothes on when I didn't. Of course I was oblivious to it all. I should have realized with every boy in the school gaping at me and all the girls giggling. The charm was set to end as I entered the hall and that was when I realized and ran screaming back to my dorm. That was also how the tradition of sticking a utensil up the nose of everyone who asks me to change came from."

"So... you broke up with him because he asked you to change then?"

"Yeah, well it's really hard to take when people don't just like you for you."

'I like you for you.' Is what Harry wanted to say. Unfortunately, he couldn't get the courage for it. Instead he said "I know how you feel."

"How?"

"Well. All people see of me is the scar. No one wants to go out with 'Harry'. They just want to be known as the girl who went out with 'The-Boy-Who-Lived'. No one's ever going to love just Harry.

'I love just Harry' is what Tonks wanted to say. Instead she said. "Yeah, I suppose you do know I feel."

"Well anyway, it's your question."

"O.K. then, who was your first kiss with?"

Harry blushed a deep red and answered. "Hermione."

"Tonks laughed once and said "How?"

"Well, It was just after we won the Quidditch cup. We were all celebrating in the common room. Fred and George managed to sneak in some Firewhiskey without Percy seeing it and well I had a few and so did Hermione, I guess, and well... things just got out of hand. We ended up snogging on my bed. Luckily no one saw us and we haven't mentioned it since."

“Ouch. Well, I guess it ain’t too bad.”

“Yeah? Well... next question is... Why don’t you ever use your real form?”

“Well, I guess it’s for a couple of reasons really. It looks too much like a certain relative of mine that I could be confused with Bellatrix. It’s kind of a personal thing that I only let people really close to me see. My mum, my dad and, who knows, maybe one day, my husband.” ‘Who could be you’ she added mentally.

“Hmm. I think that, one day, you should embrace your true form. Anything that’s the real you is bound to be beautiful.”

“Thanks. That’s sweet. Now then... my question is...” ‘Damn I didn’t think about this one, just the last one...’ She thought. ‘Damn.’ “Umm...” Tonks hesitated for a second while she thought about what to say. She finally decided on something that she had been thinking about for a while but only just realized and spoke. “When did you realize you were a Metamorphagus like me?”

“Well... it was when you said about the things that made people realize about there powers. I realized then that my hair never grows really. My Aunt cut it once and it grew back overnight. When I found out I was a wizard I just thought it was a magical thing and never really thought about it until you said something about hair.”

“Hmm... Well you certainly managed to learn it fast. It was only a week between then and when you answered the door as me.”

“Yeah, well. It wasn’t that easy. Some parts I don’t want to talk about.”

“Wet yourself?”

“How’d you...”

"I trained to be a Metamorphagus alone as well." Harry blushed a little at the thoughts in his head. He hoped Tonks didn't notice. She didn't seem to, because she went on. "Well it's your last question now."

"Right. Well... When you were at Hogwarts, What was your...um...like, last ...kinda, crush you had. Before you left, I mean."

"A bit of an odd question."

"Yeah, I know but, I was just thinking that moving out of Hogwarts, everyone starts to go their separate ways and, well. The last crush is probably something different before you leave. I suppose I'm just curious."

"O.K. well this is kinda' awkward."

"Why?"

"Well... my last crush... was you."

Harry sat there with an entirely puzzled look on his face. "What?"

"Yeah well... when I was in my seventh year, you were in your first and well, I kinda developed a crush on you and well, thinking back to it now, It was probably just hero worship or something not that meaningful. But sometimes... when you were in the hospital wing and no one else was around. I'd visit you. I thought you were sleeping. I guess it was about nine or ten time in the year.

"Wait. You were the girl I saw when I was in the hospital wing?" Harry's head was spinning. There was too much information.

"Yes. I was."

"Hmm... How come I never recognized you?"

"I had a different look in Hogwarts. I changed a couple of weeks after I left and began Auror training."

"I see. So, we were both, kinda', crushing on each other then?" Harry was blushing.

"I suppose so. Well... It's my question now." Harry merely nodded, still trying to get process the new information. He snapped his attention back to Tonks as she began to speak. "If...If you could kiss anyone...anyone in the world...right now...who...who would it be." Tonks braced herself for a downfall 'please say me' She repeated in her head over and over.

"You" was Harry's short answer.

Tonks kept her calm despite the joy boiling inside her. She got on her hands and knees and slowly crept up to him and whispered into his ear, "Well, today's your lucky day" before kissing him softly. Harry's heart leapt into his throat and his lips were tingling. He pulled his mind together just enough to say "I think I love you." Tonks smiled before saying back "I think I love you, too." Then she kissed him again.

A/N: Well, well. Looks who's back for another chapter. Don't blame you. I love Honks stories, even if they are as bad as I think mine is. Anyways, Harry and Tonks together now then. Story still going.

The song is really, really, easy in this one. Mainly because I couldn't find a good place to put another. Some time I might actually put a Johnny Cash song in a chapter. He made some pretty good songs really.

Until next chapter, feel free to post any reviews you like.

Chapter six – A day in the life

Harry woke up the next morning and, as the memory of the previous day washed back, he smiled. Tonks lay asleep in front of him, looking calm. Harry got out of the bed quietly, so as not to wake Tonks. He went and made some scrambled egg on toast and poured a couple of glasses of orange juice. He carried it back to the bedroom, finding Tonks sitting up in the bed.

“Ooh, yum.” Tonks grabbed hold of Harry’s tray when he came near enough and launched herself into the food. Harry just took a glass of orange juice and watched her. When she finished, she noticed Harry was staring at her. “What? Do I have something in my teeth?”

“No. It’s just... Did I tell you I love you?”

Tonks smiled. “You might have mentioned it.”

“Can I tell you again?” Harry asked, sitting down next to Tonks.

“I suppose so.”

Harry leaned over to Tonks and kissed her slightly, their lips brushing for just a second. “I love you.”

Tonks kissed him back, holding it for a bit longer than the first kiss. “I love you too.” Tonks sat staring, lost in his eyes, thinking. “You know, Harry? I don’t think it would be all to wise if we tell anyone about us yet.”

“Anyone?”

“No.”

“Hmm. I suppose that is a good idea. Could you imagine if Mrs. Weasley found out?” Harry shuddered at the many possible outcomes running through his head. Tonks’ ideas on the matter were basically the same. Except one her ideas involved a frying pan the size of a door.

“Yeah. I mean. I might tell my parents at a later time but they might decide to try and convince me out of it. We should wait till we’ve been going out for a little bit longer”

“Going out?” Harry smiled a bit sheepishly. “You mean, you want to be my Girlfriend?”

“Only if you’ll be my boyfriend.”

“Hmm... I may have to take you up on that.”

“Well... I have to go to the Office again today. So... you’ve got about ten minutes before I have to get ready. Got anything in mind?” Seven of the ten minutes were spent making out. The other three, they were just lying next to each other, Harry running his hand along Tonks’ side. Both just basking in the others apparent warmth.

Tonks trudged to her desk and started to work on a mound of paperwork. She was stopped by a rather annoyed face half an hour into her work.

“Steve. Last time I saw you, you had a spoon up your nose. What brings you down my neck of the woods?”

“First, I want an apology. And second, I need a code 67, blue paralegic form stamped by an Auror and you’re the only one available at this time.”

“Well, first, there’s no way in hell I’m going to apologize to you. It was your fault that you upset me and second, I’d be happy to stamp it for you.” Tonks got a stamp and pushed it down against the blue form on her desk. “There you go. Bye Steve.” Tonks shone him a fake smile and carried on with her paperwork.

“Wow. You’ve never been that... not angry-ish... before when a guy came looking for an apology. You were just too calm. What gives?”

“Tanya, it’s nothing.” Tonks turned to face her best friend for the past few years.

“Nothing, my ass. Come on. I know you better than that. You gotta’ new man or something?”

“Well... yes.”

“Hmm... Well, are you sure that’s a good idea. Remember all the last boyfriends you’ve had?”

“This is different. He’s different than the others. He likes me for me.”

“You sure? Well, I guess it’s your choice. So... who is it, huh?”

“No. I can’t tell you that.”

“Aw, come on.”

“No can do.”

“Some friend you are. Well... when can I meet him?”

“Not sure. Probably a while. Still thinking of a way to tell my parents.”

“Huh?”

“Well, there’s a little bit of an age difference.”

“Age difference, huh? So... is it that Remus guy? You told me before that you like him.”

“That was when I was, like, ten or something. It’s not Remus.”

“Come on. You have to tell me.”

“No.”

“Well, I want to meet him before too much happens. Wouldn’t do if I didn’t like him.”

“I think you would like him. He’s nice.”

“I better see him before the year is over.”

“Well, in that case, I’ll bring him to the new year’s party. How about that?”

“That’s pushing it a bit. But O.K.”

“Seeya’ then Tanya.”

“Seeya’ Tonks.” Tonks left the changing room where they had been talking and headed down to the physical training area where she had to go and show some new recruits the basics of hand-to-hand fighting. Her mind was wandering between the training, Harry, and how to tell her parents. It wasn’t until she absent-mindedly broke a rather cocky recruit’s arm that she decided to call it a day. She began thinking about how to tell her parents again on her way back to the changing room. They would never truly allow it at the moment but, maybe, if they saw how much Harry cared for her and how much she loved him back. Then. Then maybe they would accept it. She finished changing back and went to the apparating area to get back to Privet drive.

She was greeted at Harry’s door by none other than Harry, not surprisingly.

“How was your day?” He asked when she sat down.

“Good.” Tonks answered as Harry passed her a cup of tea and kissed her. “How was yours?”

“Well...”

After Tonks had left, Harry had decided to have a go at running on his own. He had changed to look almost like a younger version of George Clooney. But then decided it would be too weird so he changed into himself but with jet white hair. And the slightest bit thinner. He grew his hair to cover his forehead completely and made his eyes ice blue. Happy with the new look. He memorized because he decided that it was his favourite changed-form yet and he would use that for disguises later and then went out of his door. He slipped past his relatives before they could ask who he was and had started to jog round the area a bit. He had barely covered half the distance that he had yesterday when the urge to stop was too great.

He sat on the same bench he had first met Tonks on that summer. It was cold there, under the shade of a tree. He sat and thought about how exactly it was going to work. The relationship that is. He really liked Tonks and he was pretty sure she liked him back. Though he couldn't for the life of him figure out why. He was sulky, pubescent and not all that pleasant to look at in his opinion. And she was. Well, she was Tonks. Just perfect in every way in his eyes.

The main question that plagued Harry though, was what was to happen at the end of the summer. She couldn't exactly go to school with him, could she? Would he just be dropped as just a summer fling? Harry decided he didn't want to think about it so he got up and began to jog back to his house.

When he got back there was a rather annoyed looking owl in the window of his Kitchen. Hedwig was perched about a foot in front of the owl (Harry had given her free reign of the house on the condition that any mess was to be made outside or, if possible, on the door step of the Dursleys house. He had done this because an old rusty cage was not a good place to keep an owl.) And was puffing out her chest in order to scare the new owl from stepping further into her territory.

“Don't worry girl. I'm sure he has other places to be than my Kitchen.” Hedwig glared at Harry for seemingly undermining her efforts to make the other owl feel unwelcome. She obviously let it go quickly because she nipped his finger affectionately before turning her attention back to the intruder.

Harry untied the letter from the new owl's leg and it flew off with a small huff at apparently having to wait so long. Harry unrolled the parchment. He read through and sat down at the table. He read it again and a few tears rolled down his cheek. It was a notice about Sirius' will. Harry had lost his guilt for Sirius' death with help from Tonks but he was still sad to think about him. This fresh, official, reminder of his death brought back the memory and certainty of his death in full force. More and more tears ran down Harry's cheeks as he relived Sirius' last minutes once more. He screamed out again and again as Sirius fell.

Harry woke up with a start. He had passed out at the table as the grief engulfed him. More dreams of Sirius had plagued him for the first time in weeks, since Tonks had stayed with him each night. He pulled himself from a cold, salty puddle of tears on the floor where he had fallen and went to wash himself off in the shower.

When he got out it was almost three O'clock. He got dried and dressed and made himself some lunch. He had put the will letter in a draw where he didn't have to be reminded of the grief it brought. He finished off his toasted baguette with marmite and moved around his apartment thinking of things to do. He realized that he hadn't written to any of his friends this summer and hadn't heard from them since the end of the school year. He didn't really want to write to them. He'd thought most of them didn't want to even know him since what happened in the department of mysteries. But on the other hand, he had nothing better to do and if he could even gleam some forgiveness from any of them it would be worth by the time school started.

Harry sat at the desk that had stayed with him for all his in between school times at the Dursleys. He wrote a few letters to each of the people who accompanied him to the Ministry. Writing how he was sorry he dragged them into it and how he understood if they didn't want to be anywhere near him. He also told Ron and Hermione they probably needn't reply as they would most likely see each other at the will reading.

Happy with what he'd written, Harry called Hedwig and gave her the letters telling her each person to take them to. After Harry had seen Hedwig disappear into the horizon he wandered about a bit before grabbing a random book from his desk and sat down reading it. He chuckled it back at the desk the minute he had read the title. It was 'Advanced Potions grade O' by Newt Stickle. Harry was in no mood to be reminded of his potions master. Even if his most recent memory had Snape with his jaw on the floor.

He fell asleep lying on the sofa and only woke up when he heard Tonks coming up the stairs. He jumped off the sofa and nearly ran to the door. He greeted Tonks smiling face with a kiss and pulled her in before Vernon saw them.

"How was your day?" He asked when she sat down.

"Good." Tonks answered as Harry passed her a cup of tea and kissed her. "How was yours?"

"Well..." Harry thought over his day. "Not bad." He leant over and kissed Tonks which she eagerly responded to. Harry felt Tonks' tongue brushing lightly against his lips. He opened up and lightly glided his tongue around hers gently searching around her mouth. Tonks pulled out for air and then sat huddled up against Harry's chest, listening to his soothing heartbeat.

"Anything interesting happen?" Tonks asked after a few minutes, breaking the rather comfortable silence they were sharing.

"Well, we got a notice about Sirius' will reading. We've been requested in two days. On Wednesday."

Tonks held her breath and looked up at Harry a little sorrowful. "You know, you don't have to go if you don't want to, Harry."

"I was about to say the same to you."

"Me?"

“Well you are related.”

“Yeah but he was all you had and... oh, sorry about that.”

“It’s fine. Because now I have someone else.”

Tonks looked up at Harry a little confused. “Who?”

“You.”

“Oh yeah.” Tonks smiled a little sheepishly at Harry and lent her head on his shoulder. “So are we both going then?”

“I suppose so.”

“I think we shouldn’t be too obvious with our relationship when we go. There will be a lot of problems involved if the wrong people were to find out.” Harry knew that ‘the wrong people’ meant Mrs Weasley. But I would still like my parents to meet you before too long.”

“Think they’d accept it?”

“Dunno’. I’d be lying if I said I wouldn’t care. I really want them to like you.”

“And if they don’t?”

“Well then forget them. I like you enough for ten people.” Harry didn’t answer. He merely kissed her and rested his head on hers. They fell asleep like that, together, half an hour later. Harry was woken by Tonks at five the next morning with aching joints and a rather substantial amount of jelly down his back.

A/N: MGS4 is coming out soon yay.

Till next time

george clooney chose the yellow pill

Chapter 7 – Too many puns, so little time.

Tonks had woken up at ten to five and, thanks to her personal magic alarm clock (only she could hear it), she got up without Harry waking. She made her way into the Kitchen and made some jelly with the use of water, concentrated jelly cubes and boiling and cooling charms. She then proceeded to take the bowl of freshly made jelly over to the sofa where Harry was still sleeping nicely, 'he looks so calm when he's sleeping. Like some form of dog,' and tip it wordlessly down Harry's back.

"Aah, Tonks!"

"Yes, Harrykins?" Tonks asked playfully, a questioning look on her face.

"Any reason you felt the need to tip something, jelly, down my back at..." Harry consulted his watch "... five O'clock?"

"Well, well, Mr Potter. Just coz you're dating the teacher doesn't mean you can skip class. Come on, you've got a lot of jogging to do."

Harry fell back into a dream state at the mention of physical exertion. Maybe he could just sleep a bit more. He mumbled a little incoherently, "Donsewhaihaftarun"

"What was that Harry? You're too sleepy for me to understand. I know..." Tonks had understood him well enough but still decided to shoot freezing water at him from her wand.

Harry cried out as he quickly became drenched. "You bastard!"

"Now then what was it you said before?"

"I said, I don't see why I have to run." This was met with another burst of water.

"Sorry, didn't quite catch that."

“I said, I...” Harry stopped short when he realized what was happening. Tonks just smiled at him, her face riddled with mischief. “I said, I’ll just go get changed.”

“I thought so.”

Harry came back about ten minutes later, as ready as he was going to get.

“Right then, let’s go.”

After the usual physical exercise, Harry started training with his magic again. It was near the end, in a practise fight, when Tonks broke Harry’s wand hand with a rather nasty hex, that gave her an idea for another, slightly smaller, training scheme.

“We need to teach you how to use your wand equally well in both hands.”

“Why?”

“Well, if your hand becomes unusable in a fight then it will come in handy.”

“Right. So... how do I start?”

“First, you’ll need to be able to right with your left hand just as well as your right. We can start the day after tomorrow.”

“O.K.”

The rest of the day was spent talking, watching TV, teaching Tonks how to cook basic pasta and kissing, yes, there was lots of kissing. At the end of the day, they watched a movie that Tonks had brought from her apartment. There wasn’t much fighting, or that many interesting conversations or plot lines so Harry fell asleep and was woken by Tonks a few times until he decided to voice his opinion of the movie in general. This caused Tonks to pout for a bit,

The next morning, Harry was woken to the feeling of hot custard.

“Custard? Why?”

“Well...” Tonks replied eagerly, holding back a smile. “...Jelly always goes well with custard. Now go get changed, your clothes are covered in custard.

When Harry got back from a shower and clothes change, he and Tonks set out once more for a jog. Along the way they talked about what could happen at Sirius’ will reading. It was generally decided (by Tonks, much to Harry’s denial) that Harry would get most, if not all, of Sirius’s possessions.

They set off for Diagon Alley at ten to eleven, Tonks side apparating Harry because he didn’t know how. Another thing that Tonks resolved to teach him in the now dwindling time they had left. They went into the leaky cauldron and through to the over side. They went into Gringotts, unnoticed by anyone as Harry had decided to play down his appearance with a little Metamorphagus use. He had briefly thought about going for the ‘Punk’ look. But that would just make people stare.

When they were in the bank and out of sight, Harry changed back to himself. He gave Tonks a quick, loving, kiss and headed towards a bank teller. Tonks waited for thirty seconds before heading off to another teller.

Harry was ushered politely into a large yet busy room, filled with both people who thought they would receive something, people who were going to receive something and the general media. The latter of which were quickly forced out of the room due to legal privacy acts. Tonks followed in and sat by her parents. Her mum was silently crying. A thin looking Goblin moved up to a stand in the middle and indicated that he wanted silence.

“First order of business.” The thin Goblin began. “This will has certain laws affixed to it by the maker. You may not relay information to anyone outside this room what another person has received unless

given specific permission by the receiver under punishment of..." he consulted a piece of parchment quickly and finished "...A most excruciating and humiliating death.

Several people, most noticeably the Malfoys who were until recently sitting smugly at the front of the crowd, were obviously annoyed by this fact but the Goblin ignored them and carried on.

"Now then, the will is a magically imprinted image of the deceased so I shall activate it and let it proceed until it finishes. Any questions or complains can be made then." The Goblin then held his finger to the paper and whispered something for just over ten seconds. The face of Sirius Black shot from the paper. It had an almost unnoticeable blue tinge. More than a few tears escaped Harry's eyes and made a break for his neck.

"I, Sirius Orion Black, being of sound mind and..." The voice of Harry's Godfather carried on until it then started to talk to the crowd directly, charmed to be able to recognize people. "Harry. First, I leave you with some advice and an apology. The advice is, if you haven't found one already, get a god damn girlfriend. One who can stop you moaning at everything." Harry hid a smile and glanced knowingly at Tonks. It went unnoticed by all in the room. "Now for the apology. Well there's actually two. First, I'm sorry I couldn't see you grow up into the fine man you became when I met you. I should have been there for you but I acted like a fool. I took the coward's way out chasing after Pettigrew that night. I should have been there for you. I really should have.

"Second is a little closer. I'm sorry but it seems any attempts I took to adopt you and let you have at least part of a family were blocked by higher powers. Not naming any names, Minister," Sirius' face stared at the Minister of Magic for a few seconds, who gulped. He went back to Harry. I would have been honoured to be a father to you Harry. But I'm afraid it couldn't be so.

"But to dig us out of this pit of despair. I suppose I should say something about money. But I know personally that you don't really need or want much more. And that my house would just be adding

salt to the wounds. So instead, I leave my Motorbike, when you're old enough that is. And I have a special surprise for you. After the meeting, go to vault 2216. There's something rather important for you there. Don't take anyone you don't trust completely though.

"Next on the list are my beloved relatives, the Tonks. You were more of a close family to me than my own. I leave you ten million Galleons. Each. You probably won't accept it but, well, you need it a hell of a lot more than I do know so....

"Anyway, I would also like to reinstate Andromeda Tonks back into the most ancient and noble house of black, establishing her powers as the new head of the house and so forth.

"To little Nymphadora. Can't get me now huh? I would like to say, I think that now would be a good time to tell him how you feel. After all. You two could be perfect for each other. I am going on the idea that you're single but still fawning over some person or another. You never seem to learn really. But oh well. Can't change that." Tonks smiled and gave a knowing look at Harry. Who smiled and returned the look. No one else noticed.

"Next to Moony. I leave you twenty million Galleons. Go get a haircut. Think of the money as a way of saying thank you for forgiving an old fool. And for teaching Harry so much good advice. His Patronus really did save my life. It's thanks to you.

"To Hermione. You have been a friend to Harry through some of his most dangerous times. To you I leave five million Galleons and any books you can find at my house. Except the ones on the top shelf. Knowing my family they are either dark arts books or books not meant for children's eyes, if you catch my drift.

"To Dumbledore. I leave you 'you-know where' for use in your 'little project' and I leave any money left in vaults, bar one Knut, to fund it on the condition that you tell him everything. And I mean everything. It will be worth it Albus. He'll take it better than you expect.

“Finally, to the Malfoys. I leave you one Knut and only one Knut. If you ask me, you could use for many things. Not many useful things mind you. But still the gesture was there and that’s all that really matters.

“That’s about it I suppose. And if I do get a grave. Please write on it that I died beneath a stampede of Rhino’s in the centre of London. Not really believable, I know but it will make people wonder how I truly died. Sirius out.”

The thin Goblin made his way back up to the stand and asked “are there any questions or complaints before we finish?”

Draco Malfoy, as big headed and stupid as ever, stood up. “How come we only get one Knut. I’m his sole male heir. I should get more.” His mother pulled him down, looking ashamed and angry at her son’s outburst.

The Goblin calmly answered the question. “As it stands, you were left a detailed amount in the will and can receive no more as all other finance in the Black accounts had been accounted for.”

Draco sat coldly, pouting, in the front row. From the back, Mrs Weasley shot up. “Why is there no mention of us? We knew Sirius personally and were good friends with him.”

“I am not sure as to why you were omitted.” The Goblin said. “It is not my job to question the wills, only present them. It may have been due to forgetting to include you or it could be for other reasons.”

“I see.” A slightly disconcerted Mrs. Weasley sat back down again.

“Anything else? No? Very well then. I have been Grilclaw, your will reader today. Thank you for coming and, Mr Potter, if you would follow me, we shall verify the contents of vault 2216 for you. Is there anyone you would wish to take with you?”

Harry looked secretly at Tonks. He could see that she really wanted to go but she shook her head slightly anyway. It could look a bit too

obvious. Harry sighed and shook his head and was led down to one of the carts. After a rather short trip Harry arrived at a rather plain looking door. He walked over to the door and pushed it open, holding onto a rather plain door handle. He walked into a rather plain looking room with a rather empty, plain looking table in the middle. He walked over to the table and looked around.

‘What the hell was so important the Sirius?’ Harry thought and he lent against the table as he sighed. He felt a jolt through his arm and looked down. Next to it was a rather amazing looking sword with a rather plain looking note next to it. Harry read the note. Then he read it again. And again. He looked at the sword briefly before reading over the note one last time to verify. The note had said:

Harry,

If you are reading this then I guess I’m dead. Don’t worry about it. Don’t look back in anger or grief. I’ll still be happy on the other side. And Lily and James will be there too. On to more important matters now. The sword on the table. You must take it with you wherever you go. Now I know it may look a bit suspicious carrying a sword. Don’t worry. Its scabbard is enchanted to be undetectable to other people’s full senses until you draw the sword.

On to the sword though. Its name is Mjyrn. It was created a long time ago if I recall. It is made from one of the strongest known metals and is infused with the purest light magic. It will cause confusion to anyone with dark intent, allowing you to gain an advantage.

Harry, The power in this sword is unimaginable. But only if used for good. The strength of this sword is that it can absorb any magic. Even the unforgivables. Any magic absorbed will help repair most physical and any magical damage you may have received.

Use this sword for good, Harry. Don’t loose it. And most of all. Remember. We all love you Harry. That is still your strongest weapon. And the sword will be all the stronger for it as well.

One word of warning. You may feel a little, if not a lot, of reaction the first time you hold the sword. It has been collecting residue magic and

will attempt to repair as much damage as it can in one go. It won't affect your scar, unfortunately, but you should still feel better after it.

Remember, Harry.

Sirius

Harry stared at the sword. Slowly he reached towards it and grasped the handle. A little reaction was an understatement. Harry fell to the floor and blacked out from the pain. Harry lay on the floor, breathing deeply, a yellow glow around his body. The note from Sirius burnt up on the floor.

He woke later, noticing the sword was in his hand still. He got up and pulled the sword from its sheath. It had the same design as a katana and gave off a soothing blue glow. He sheathed it again moved towards the door of the vault. Grilclaw was still waiting in the cart for him.

A thought struck Harry. "How long have I been in there?" He asked a little nervous that the Goblin would be annoyed.

"About ten minutes Mr Potter."

"Ten? Bloody hell I could have sworn it felt like longer. Oh well. I suppose we go back now then."

"Certainly, for your information, the bike that was also left to you shall be available for pickup right after your seventeenth birthday. We shall alert you in case you forget."

"Thank you." The cart ground to a halt. "I'm not sure if I shall see you again or not." Harry said as he climbed out of the cart. "But it was nice meeting you Grilclaw." Harry just walked away, oblivious to the mouth of the Goblin which was dropped in amazement.

Harry met up with the others later and finally got to say hello to Hermione and the Weasleys. "Hey, Mione. Hey Ron." Harry said, pulling them both into a short hug.

“Whoa. A hug? From frozen old Harry Potter? My word what’s gotten into you?” Hermione asked, smiling slightly but still sounding generally surprised.

“Nothing really, just happy to see you two.”

Ginny came up behind her brother and stared, mouth open, at Harry’s body. It was a lot better looking than last year. But then again, last year was impressive too. But not this impressive in Ginny’s impression. “Harry. You... you look great! Have you been working out.”

“Thanks Ginny. And yeah I have. Nice to see you too.”

Ginny just stood there, non-responsive, her mouth still open slightly.

“Anyway, Harry. Would you like to join us for some ice cream?” Mrs Weasley asked.

“Yeah, I’d love to.” Just then, Harry saw Tonks standing with her parents, saying goodbye to them. “Umm... Mrs Weasley, is it O.K. if Tonks joins us?”

“Tonks?” She managed to hide her displeasure. “Why, dear?”

“Well...umm...we’ve become good friends over the summer. She’s been training me with stuff.”

“Well, I suppose it’s alright then, Harry” Mrs Weasley answered, trying not to look too annoyed that he probably wasn’t going to be paying as much attention to Ginny as she would have liked. Harry came back with Tonks a few seconds later and the group set off to the ice cream parlour.

Most of them were finished before the end of the hour and all were just waiting for Ron to finish. He had chosen the largest ice cream then complained of brain freeze after two bites. He was still forced to finish it all by his mum.

Ginny had spent most of the hour either staring at Harry or paying him more compliments. Finally she pulled up some courage and asked, "So, Harry. Have you got a girlfriend at the moment?"

Harry finally realized where all the compliments and staring had been leading to. Harry swallowed quietly and began, not wanting to let on about Tonks and not really wanting to hurt Ginny's feelings. "Well, Ginny. I'm going through a lot and I'm just not looking for a girlfriend at the moment."

'Because he has me!' Tonks yelled proudly in her head. In her mind she could see herself leaning over and kissing Harry in front of everyone and she smiled slightly to herself as she imagined Ginny's downtrodden face. 'That'd teach her to move in on my man.'

Ginny did look a bit down after Harry's blatant turn down. She kept a little hope though. He had after all said 'at the moment' she decided that there was still a chance to get Harry.

Harry and Tonks said their goodbyes at the leaky cauldron and apparated back to Privet drive. Tonks made a bit of light conversation about the day before asking "So what did you get in the Vault?"

Harry just smiled and told her that she would have to wait and see.

A/N: I know after this Chapter there will be many people questioning the sword. I just really wanted to have a sword in the Fic. I'd like to start by saying that this won't be entirely dire to the story. It will just help in battles and the like. I personally think swords are cool so... that's why it's there.

Till next time

May your toes stay clean.

Chapter 8 – Someone like me

Harry's first attempt at wielding the sword had ended with it embedded in the wall. The second, he had nearly severed his toe. By the tenth try at swinging it around in a vague pattern, Harry managed not to hit a single thing. When Tonks transfigured some targets, Harry realized just how hard learning to wield the sword would be. It was quite light and very sharp and while easy to hold and move, it was very hard to control the movement so Harry barely managed to hit the target dummies in fatal places.

Tonks had decided that, seeing as she knew next to nothing about swords, Harry would have to learn his own way. In the days after the will reading, Harry spent most of his time practising with the sword, practising dual hand wand wielding and doing any homework he had failed to do at the start of the summer holidays.

"What was the liberalist faction called in the great Civil Troll War again?"

"How the hell should I know?"

"You've done all this before haven't you?"

"Well actually I completely flunked History of Magic. Those books must have sleeping spells in them"

"Well, you know it doesn't help that you're lying in front of me eating ice cream you know."

"Hmm. Which do you want more?" Tonks asked huskily. "Me or the ice cream?"

"Well that's quite a tough one." Harry replied, smiling mischievously. "But I think I'll have to go with the ice cream."

Tonks faked a pout. "If you carry on talking like that then you're going to lose me."

Harry pretended to think for a moment then said "Would I still get the ice cream?"

"That's it Potter, you'll pay for that." Tonks was on her feet, her wand drawn and a playful look on her face.

"Tonks, stop it. No. Stay back." It was too late. Before Harry knew it, he was hanging upside down from the ceiling. "Get me down now, Tonks." Tonks just walked off into the kitchen and came back a few seconds later with a tank full of icy water levitating in front of her. She placed the tank beneath Harry and promptly dropped him into it.

Harry burst up from the water. But instead of yelling he started smiling. "I'm sorry Tonks." He said, stepping out the tank and towards Tonks. "Come here and give me a hug."

Tonks screamed and began to run but Harry dived onto her and tackled her to the floor. Harry lay, braced above her, dropping water from his hair into her face. He lent down and kissed her.

"Apology accepted." Tonks said smiling. She then sat up quickly, remembering something. "Oh Harry, I nearly forgot. I need you to visit my parents in a couple of days. They cornered me at the will reading and questioned me on my 'new upbeat attitude' then threatened to disown me if I didn't let them meet you."

"That is the worst excuse to meet someone's parents I have ever known."

"What?"

"If you wanted me to meet them then you should have just asked. I'd be happy to meet them."

"Well then in that case. We'll be going round there house tomorrow. I have to go to work now so I'll see you later." Tonks walked up to Harry and gave him a quick kiss. "I just know that my parents are going to love you." With that, she apparated out, leaving Harry to

finish off his Homework. He still hadn't got that history of Magic essay finished

Tonks was thinking a lot during the day. Her thoughts were about her and Harry. Or more precisely, what would happen between Harry and her at the end of the summer. Would he just break it off and move on to some other girl, one of the Hogwarts ones? Tonks didn't want that to happen. She loved Harry. She was pretty sure that he loved her back. She had to find a way to stay with him.

But to do that, she would have to get into the school. She could pretend to be a student. She was about the same height Harry was and she could change her features so that none of the professors recognized her from before. But Dumbledore would know. He always knew. He would realize if an extra student appeared out of nowhere.

But if he knew in advance. And allowed her to go. To say, protect Harry from unknown dangers. Maybe then she could gain access. Maybe then she could stay with Harry after the summer. So, all she had to do was convince old Dumbles to let her go to school with Harry. For protection. It wasn't a complete lie. She could protect him from other students when the teachers couldn't. Dumbledore had to agree. Possibly.

Her mind made up, Tonks did the minimal amount of work possible and left back to Privet drive. When she walked into the living room she saw Harry with a pensive look on his face, gazing off into nothing.

"What ya' thinking 'bout?" Tonks sat down next to Harry

Harry turned to face her, smiling. "I dunno"

"Oh, I get it. You're nervous about meeting my parents, aren't you?"

"No, not at all."

"Don't try and hide it. I know you too well now."

"Fine. It's just, what if they don't like me?"

“I’m sure they will and if they don’t, well, I don’t care. The main problem you may face though is my dad’s ‘Intentions’ speech. He’s been practising it since I was born and I’ve overheard most of it now and again so I think I can lend a few pointers.”

“Thanks Tonks, I don’t know where I’d be without you.”

“Living in a very small and dirty room, that’s where.”

Harry and Tonks walked up to the front door of Andromeda and Ted tonks’ house. Harry was almost visibly nervous.

“Don’t worry Harry, it’ll be fine. I promise you.” Tonks knocked on the front door. A few moments later, the smiling face of Mrs. Tonks.

“Hi mum.”

“Oh hello there Nymphadora. It’s so nice to see you again.”

“Yeah, well this is my new boyfriend, Harry Potter.”

“Harry...?” Andromeda shrugged it off and said “Rather younger than you isn’t he?” Harry cringed inside. He knew this was going to go badly.

“Well, mum. It’s only six years and dad is four years older than you isn’t he?”

“Still we were a lot older than you are now. Well come in then” Andromeda showed them into the living room and told them to take a seat. Harry and Tonks sat next to each other on the sofa.

“This is my Husband and Tonks’ father, Ted. I’m Andromeda but you can call me Andy if you like.”

“Thank you. It’s nice to meet both of you.”

“So Harry.” Mr Tonks began. “Any interest in sports?”

“Well, um, not any muggle ones but I do like Quidditch.” Harry answered a bit nervously.

“Yeah, Harry’s the best seeker at Hogwarts.” Tonks put in.

“Hmm. Is that so?”

“Well I’m not sure that I’m the best.”

“Harry. Even if you’ve stayed the same since first year, then from what I’ve seen, you’re the best there.”

“Well that’s lovely Harry.” Mrs Tonks said. “Which house are you in?”

“Um, Gryffindor.” The next half an hour passed with a few questions being asked about Harry and Harry asked a few about Tonks parents. Afterwards Mrs Tonks announced that dinner was ready and led them all in to the dining room.

“That was lovely Andy, thank you.” Harry said sitting back a bit in his chair.

“You’re welcome Harry.”

Tonks dad stood up and faced Harry. “Harry, can I have a quick talk with you.” He motioned to another room. Harry swallowed and nodded, getting up to follow him. When they were in the other room Ted turned to face Harry

“Now I just want you to know that my daughter’s happiness is the most important thing to me and I would do anything to make sure she got what she deserved. Harry, you seem a bright enough lad, so I’m going to be blunt with you. Are you just leading my daughter on?”

Harry paused for a moment, thinking how best to answer before speaking. "No sir, I could never do that to her. I wouldn't be able to live with myself if I was to even think about it."

"Are you sure this isn't just something you're doing for bragging rights or whatever they call it these days."

"Not at all. Nymphadora isn't just some prize to me. I truly care about her and how she feels." Harry realized that Tonks was probably listening at the door when he said that. Maybe that was why he did say it. She couldn't really do much if he said it here. Who knows? It may be the only time that he can.

"And what are your plans for the future with my daughter."

"Well. I'd like to stay with her. And if she feels she wants to go further then I'm more than happy to. If we happened to break up for some reason then I would at least try and remain friends with her though I would hope it won't come to that."

"Hmm. Well I can see that maybe you do care about her. But remember, if you do anything, anything at all, to make my little girl sad then you probably won't be waking up the next day. Do I make myself clear?"

"Perfectly. Although, if I ever do hurt her, god forbid, you'll be third in line. After her and myself of course."

"I'm glad we've had this talk. That's all. I suggest you don't open the door too quickly. Just in case someone falls over." He said the last bit rather loudly and the faint sound of moving feet could be heard behind the door to the dining room. They moved back into the living room where they began talking again and they all had a cup of tea.

"Tonks, are you sure you'll be happy with Harry? I don't just want him trying to take advantage of you gift." Andromeda said to Tonks. Harry noticed that he was referred to in the third person. He wasn't quite sure how to take it.

“It’s fine mum. Harry’s like me. He’s a Metamorphagus too.”

“That’s lovely. I’m glad you finally found someone like you. I couldn’t be happier.”

After another hour, Harry and Tonks left Tonks’ parent’s house.

“It’s just not fair.” Ted Tonks was watching them walk down the lane and apparate away.

“What is, dear?” Andromeda was standing next to him.

“That kid answered my questions perfectly. I really don’t want to have to start liking him.”

“Well that could have gone better.” Harry slumped back into the sofa.

“What do you mean? My parents seemed to like you well enough.”

“Your dad looked like he might rip my head off.”

“He’s just a little overprotective. Trust me you did fine.”

“If you say so. I’m probably just a teenage dirtbag to him though.”

“Don’t say that. I’m sure it’s not true. Oh damn I need to go to an Order meeting. I’ll be back in an hour or so.” Tonks apparated out which left Harry to go and find his sword and practise some more.

Tonks appeared outside of 12 Grimauld Place and rushed inside. Two hours later, the other order members started to file out of the building by their own methods. Tonks had managed to grab Dumbledore and pull him into another room to speak to him privately.

“Now then what is it that you wanted Nympha...Miss Tonks?”

“Well. The way I see it. When Harry is back at Hogwarts, he can’t be protected by you all the time. You’ll need to go and do other stuff. I

was thinking we could send some one into the school to look after him when you're not around. Someone like me, for example."

"Undercover as a teacher?"

"Well actually, I was thinking more as a student. I mean I could blend in with the other students using my Metamorphagus powers."

"I see. Not that it is a bad idea, but are you sure this wasn't caused by the new relationship that you have formed with young Harry?"

Tonks was shocked. Had it been that obvious? "How did you know about that?"

"Well I've seen enough relationships like yours in my time as the headmaster of Hogwarts. Don't worry though. Nobody else knows. Of that I am certain."

"O.K. well, don't worry, I only had Harry's safety at mind." 'Safety from other girls moving in on him.' Tonks added in her head.

"Very well. I suppose that you may do as you suggested. Just make sure it doesn't get out of hand. Harry is still only fifteen remember." Dumbledore said, stroking his beard in an 'I'm important and smart' way.

"He'll be sixteen in a few days." Tonks said, thinking about how the day would go.

"Indeed. Well, I give you permission. We shall keep this between us for now. You may tell Harry if you like." Tonks yelled in happiness and ran out of the house before apparating back to privet drive.

"So how come I can never call you by your first name?" Harry and tonks were sitting back on the sofa eating marmite sandwiches. They had finished their workout and magic practise for the day.

"My first name? Because I never really liked it."

“I quite like it actually.”

“Really?” Tonks said, questioningly.

“Yeah, it’s unique.”

“Hmm. Well, too bad. You can’t say it.” Tonks said, crossing her arms over her chest and thrusting her head up in defiance.

“What about a shortened version?”

“Like what?”

“I dunno’, Nym, Nymph, Dora?” Harry ran over a few ideas in his mind. “Big ‘N’?”

“Hmm. Nym sounds quite nice when you say it.”

“Nym it is then.”

“Fine. Oh, and if you ever call me big ‘N’, I’ll rip out your spleen. Now then. Any homework left over?”

“Nope.”

“Not even potions?”

“Not even that.”

“Hmm. Well, you wanna practise more dual hand work?”

“I think it’s good enough as it is.”

“Well then.” Tonks said, leaning over to Harry and nibbling lightly on his ear. “That just leaves one thing.” Tonks pushed Harry over so his back was on the sofa. She lent down and locked her lips with his. He ran his tongue across her lips and she opened gladly. They stayed on

the sofa, wrapping their tongues together, for an hour, only pausing for the occasional breath.

“You’re a great kisser you know?”

“Really? Never really been kissed before you.”

“What about Hermione?”

“We don’t talk about it.”

“Right well. You can carry on practising with your sword, I know you love doing so don’t even try and say otherwise. I have a few calls to make.”

“Calls? You have a phone?”

“No. I guess ‘Floo calls’ is more appropriate. But I’ll be doing them at Grimauld place.”

“Something I’m not supposed to hear?” Harry said, grinning.

“Well there’s that. And there’s the fact you’re not connected to the Floo system yet.” Tonks replied honestly.

“Oh right. Well...I best be getting to training then. I’ll see you soon.”

The next day was the eve of Harry’s birthday. “O.K. then Harry. I’ll let you have a lie in tomorrow morning. But only till ten.” Tonks had said. That seemed good enough for Harry as he walked into the bedroom to get ready to sleep. His thoughts only drifted to the next day once. He fell asleep soon after that.

A/N: Howdy y’all. Next chapter will be mostly just Harry’s birthday if not all of it. Not sure who will show up yet or what will happen. Oh well. I’ll go with what my fingers type.

By the way, MGS4 rules!

Till next time.

Don't eat the yellow snow.

Chapter 9 – The Birthday

Eight O'clock. Nine shadowy figures moved quietly through the shadows. Stealthily they crept up and around a sleeping body, its chest rising and falling slowly. Each took a position, raising their arms and their burdens, ready to strike down against the unsuspecting boy. "Ready?" One whispered. The others only nodded. "Now." Each person dropped their weapon into the sleeping form.

"Aagh. Bloody hell." Harry shot upright, drenched in freezing water. Around him stood eight shadowy figures, Tonks, Ron, Hermione, Ginny, Fred, George, Dean, Seamus, Luna. All of them were laughing as hard as they could, even Luna let out a chuckle, breaking her airy facade. "Out." Harry yelled at them. "I need to get dried and changed."

The others ran out of the room, still laughing. A few minutes later, Harry came out in jeans and a t-shirt.

"Happy Birthday!" The others were waiting just outside the Bedroom door.

"Come on Harry." Tonks continued. We're going to see a movie first. Everyone quickly filed out of the house, being careful not to wake up Harry's relatives. They walked along the street chatting about what had happened over the summer to each other. Dean had gone to Australia with his parents and Seamus had spent a week in Cornwall. The Weasleys had stayed at home while Bill and Charlie visited them. Hermione had gone to Austria with her parents. Luna had once again gone looking for the crumple horned snorkack with her dad

They arrived at the Movie theatre and they let Harry choose a film. After choosing they went in and bought some popcorn and drinks, Ron marvelling at the dinks that they sold. He had never seen coke before. After the movie had finished, the group headed back to Harry's house.

"The adults should be here in a few minutes and then we can have some lunch." Tonks told everyone. They mulled around chatting for

about five minutes before there was footsteps and a loud knock on the door. Harry went to open it and welcomed in Mr and Mrs Weasley, Remus Lupin and Professor Dumbledore. The last of which turned to the door he had just entered through and enlarged it, allowing through Hagrid. Each of them wished Harry a happy birthday and went around to talk with the current party guests a bit. Dean, Seamus and Ginny were a bit apprehensive about talking with Dumbledore but they soon loosened into talking with Hagrid and Remus. Mrs Weasley kept telling Ron to stand straight and clean behind his ears for a change. Hermione laughed a little at Ron's misfortune but soon moved away in case Mrs Weasley turned her attention to her.

Tonks transfigured a table and made some pre made food appear on it. Most of it was stuff she had learnt to make from Harry so hopefully everyone wouldn't think it tasted too bad. Everyone sat down and began to eat. The general response from the meal was that it tasted good which brought an extra bit of pride from both Tonks and Harry.

After the meal, the others forced Harry over to open his presents. He sat down next to the relatively large, in Harry's opinion, pile of presents. He decided to pick one at random. The first present was from Hagrid. It was box shaped and wrapped in normal parcel paper. Harry opened up the present and found a pair of gloves inside a box.

"I made 'em meself." Hagrid put in. "The outside is made from troll 'ide and the paddin' on the inside was laced together wi' silk from Aragog. Just 'is way of apologizing I s'ppose. Those gloves'll be great protection from most magical and physical attacks." Harry nodded kindly to him and said thanks. He laid the gloves carefully in the box. It was a very nice present but Harry wasn't quite sure how to think about the spider silk on the inside.

He grabbed another present, this one from Ron. He got a Quidditch magazine, a poster of the Chudley Cannons and a book on advanced Quidditch techniques for all positions. Harry thanked Ron and put the gifts down next to the glove box.

The next present was from the twins. Harry was a little scared to even open the wrapping paper, not knowing what kind of foul contraption Fred and George had inside waiting for him.

“Don’t worry Harry.” One of them said. “It’s perfectly safe.” Harry decided to get it over with and quickly ripped the paper off. Realizing nothing had exploded, Harry looked down at the object in his arms. Actually, it turned out it was two objects. One was a test box of the new and as yet unreleased items soon to be available for purchase at the joke shop along with a few unique items never meant for release. The other object needed an explanation.

“That is a special item that we have made specifically for you, my dear Harrykins. George and I have noticed that you never really seem to be able to get a break. That just won’t do. With this new, and might I add, Ingenious, device, you will become the proverbial babe magnet at Hogwarts.”

“Fred!” Mrs Weasley shouted. “You can’t give him something like that. It could be illegal.”

“No need to worry mum.” George took over. “We’ve checked all laws against its effects and nothing is close to illegal.”

“So how does it work?” Harry asked.

“Well...” Began George

“...You just choose a...” Continued Fred.

“...Setting on the switch and...”

“...Keep it on your person...”

“And your looks and sex appeal will increase depending on what the setting is.” Both of them finished.

“I don’t care if it’s not illegal. You can’t give him that! It’s totally immoral!” Mrs Weasley shouted again.

“Yeah, while I’m flattered by the thought, I would have to agree with Mrs Weasley. It’s not really the kind of thing I’d even think of using.” Harry said, smiling briefly at them. “The other gift you got was good though.

Harry turned his attention back to the pile of presents and picked another. It was a several packets of sherbet lemons and a book on ancient muggle and magic sword techniques. Harry looked a little oddly at Dumbledore for a second. It would figure that he knew about the sword. Dumbledore seemed to have eyes and ears everywhere. Harry thanked him for the gifts and put them next to the others.

Hermione’s present was next. He opened a small box and brought out a bracelet made of silver and gold twisting around each other. It glowed with a soft red tinge.

“It’s got a full body warming charm. I got it in Austria. Good for cold weather and whenever you’re feeling down.” Hermione told him.

“It’s lovely Hermione, thanks.” Harry clipped the bracelet around his arm and felt a wave of warmth rush over him. It felt relaxing. Harry opened his eyes, not even realizing that he had closed them, and picked up another present. It was from Luna. He opened it up. A pair of green tinted glasses rested in the middle of some padding. Harry looked up confused at Luna.

“I already have glasses.”

“The lenses on these are made from dried sap from an elf willow. It has special properties. It can help you see certain things that not many others can.” Luna answered, slightly distant with a bit of a defensive tone in her voice.

“Thanks. Luna. I’ll have to try these later then. Thanks.” Harry carefully replaced the lid of the glasses box and put the box next to the other stuff.

Ginny's present was picked up next. Inside was a box of Chocolates. Harry thanked her for them and put them aside to eat later. He picked up another present that turned out to be from Remus.

Harry opened it and found a photo album full of pictures of the Marauders at school and of them and Lily with Harry. Harry smiled, a slight tear forming and running slowly down his cheek. He wiped it away and looked at the other contents of the present. There were two books on defence and offence against the dark arts and a bar of chocolate.

"Thanks Moony. For everything."

"You'll always be more than welcome Harry." Harry wiped away another deposit of tears beneath his eyes and grabbed another present. Dean got him a Quidditch calendar and Seamus got him a pack of cards and a wizarding chess set. Harry thanked both of them and moved on to the last two presents.

The other Weasleys had all worked together and made Harry a warded Dragon tooth necklace.

"Charlie managed to get hold of a few dragon teeth for everyone and we had a spare and so we thought, who better?" Mrs Weasley explained. "Bill made the wards on it. It can shield you from divination, legilimency, to an extent, and stops any unintended port key transportations."

"It's great Mrs Weasley. Thanks. You too, Mr Weasley. Tell Bill and Charlie thanks too."

"We will."

That just left Tonks' present. Harry opened the present slowly. When he had gotten all the wrapping paper off he looked at the contents. Tonks had gotten him a wand holster, a cook book and an old looking book entitled 'Coping with changes on the inside and out'. Harry didn't say anything while he pondered the book. He looked up at Tonks and thanked her.

“Right then everyone.” Tonks shouted out. “It’s time for the games!” Tonks proceeded to recite the games she had planned and then enlarged a section of the floor to use as a games ground. Before each game, Tonks explained the rules and any teams that would be needed.

While one of the games was taking place, Tonks secretly checked over all of Harry’s presents to make sure they were completely safe. Moody was rubbing off on her, she decided. It was worth it though as she found that all of the chocolates Ginny had given Harry contained a high grade, long lasting love potion. Tonks growled angrily and replaced all of the potion in the chocolates with normal toffee filling with a swish of her wand.

Two hours later, everyone was tired out and covered in some sticky substance or another. Fred and George had won the three legged race. Hagrid had won the welly toss. Remus won the obstacle course. Ron and Hermione had trounced everyone at Bananas, largely because of Hermione. Much to everyone’s surprise, Dumbledore had one the egg and spoon race.

Quick A/N: I don’t normally do these mid-story. Anyway, Bananas is a great game where you have to fill up several categories such as film, book, colour, etc. with examples of them that start with a certain letter. When a team has completed all categories they yell out bananas and end the round. Points are added up. (Five for a correct answer no one else has. Two if someone else has it as well.) It lasts multiple rounds and the team with the highest score at the end wins.

Hope this has been informative. Back to the story.

Everyone said their good byes and left. Dumbledore pulled Harry to the side for a moment and spoke to him.

“Harry, I need to tell you many things that I should have told you long, long ago. We shall talk more at Hogwarts. Enjoy the book. I shall see you in the new term.”

Harry stood and watched him leave, reforming the door to its original size as he went. Tonks came up behind Harry and put her arms around his shoulders.

“So...” Tonks began. “Watcha’ thinkin’ ‘bout?”

“Doesn’t matter. I was going to ask you though. What’s with the book?”

“Oh that. It helped me with my Metamorphagus powers and I thought you might like it.”

“It’s lovely, thanks.”

“As for the cook book. You’re running out of things to teach me aren’t you?”

“A bit, yes.”

“Well. Now we can both learn, huh?”

“Thanks Nym.”

“There is another part to your present, you know?”

“Oh really?” Harry said smiling devilishly. He had a small idea where this was going.

“Yes. Come on.” Tonks led Harry into the bedroom where she sat down on the bed. “Well, seeing as you’re sixteen now, Mr Potter,” Tonks whispered to him, huskily, “you... can... learn to apparate!”

Harry’s mood dropped almost instantly. “Apparate?”

“Yes.”

“Really?”

“Yes. What’s wrong? Thinking I meant something else?”

“Not to be rude or anything, but. Yes.”

“Harry. Being a Metamorphagus, it’s different for both of us. When we lose our virginities. We change and well. I’m not really sure about between two Metamorphagus’ so I dunno’. I just want it to be with the one person I truly love. And as much as I know it must be you, I want to wait till marriage before I do. Is that O.K.?”

Harry was a bit depressed. But when he thought about it. He loved Tonks. That much was clear to him. He could wait if she wanted it. He meant that much to him. “It’s fine Nym. It’s fine, really.”

“Great! Now then. I also need to tell you that I have a solution to a problem that I have been having.”

“Problem?” Harry was confused. Tonks never seemed to have a problem. If it was a ‘girl’ problem, he really didn’t want to know about it.

“Yes well. I realized that it would be hard to see each other when the summer ends.”

“Tell me about it.”

“Mmm. Well. I have figured out the problem and will be able to see you practically every day during the school year.”

“How?”

“That. Is a surprise. Also I’m still working on the technicalities”

“Oh. Well I guess I’ll find out eventually.”

“You probably will. Anyway. It’s late and you’ll be getting up normal time tomorrow so I Think it’s time to get some sleep. I’ll start teaching

you apparition tomorrow. I got your provisional licence a couple of days ago so we're all set to go."

"O.K. Night Tonks."

"Night Harry." Tonks kissed Harry and slipped under the covers. Her clothes having transfigured to a shirt and panties a few seconds before. Harry took off his socks, jeans and glasses before joining her and falling asleep.

Harry's dream:

A cold night. Lightning stabs the cloud covered sky. Against the darkness, a young man, no older than twenty, stands proud. Cloaked in a black leather jacket. Short white hair spiked up. A motorbike is humming lightly behind him. A sword in hand. The darkness plays across his face as he brings the sword up and sheaths it behind his back. Its job is done.

Far away. A fifteen year old red headed girl was sitting on her bed smiling. If all went to plan. A certain raven haired boy would be flinging himself at her any day now.

A/N: That's the summer chapters done I think. I'm planning for Harry to be at Hogwarts by the end of the next chapter.

What is Tonks plan?

What did Dumbledore want to say?

Why did Ginny use love potion?

How come Ron had never seen coke?

What's with the dream?

All these questions will probably be answered eventually.

(Except the coke one. That was just there to round it to an even five questions. In fact, the Ginny question is kinda obvious as well. And the plan has already been said. Damn it. Oh well. At least two questions have been left unanswered for now.)

Also. I must say I agree that chapter eight wasn't too good. It just didn't feel right. I'll probably redo it at a later date.

Till Next Time.

Always floss after brushing.

Chapter 10 – Home again

Harry hadn't told Tonks about the dream. He barely remembered it himself. Along with the normal physical and spell combat training he did every day, He spent an hour a day learning apparating and most of the other time reading his new books on sword styles Dumbledore gave him and the defence and offence books Remus gave him as well as practising the new sword styles and spending time with Tonks. He also read through the book that Tonks gave him. It was interesting to read and helped a bit whenever he felt a bit down.

Tonks often disappeared for a few hours each week. Harry assumed this was part of her 'big plan'. It took Harry a week before he could apparate successfully and from then on, spent most of the time making it faster and quieter. He set himself the task of apparating right behind Tonks and then tap her on the shoulder before apparating away again before she turned around.

The month went by too quickly in Harry's opinion. He was enjoying his time spent with Tonks. She was fun to be with. He knew that she had worked out a way to keep them together but as the Hogwarts day approached, he began to have his own private doubts that didn't want to leave him. On the upside he was able to achieve his private task a week before he went to Hogwarts. He could apparate almost silently now. Much to Tonks' constant annoyance.

Harry had also virtually mastered three of the sword styles in the book. He hoped he could use the room of requirement to help with targets that move and fight back. The last couple of days of summer Harry spent packing and

And so, Harry found himself standing outside the barrier to Platform 9 $\frac{3}{4}$.

"Now, don't you dare get sad because I'm not on the train with you. I told you I'd be at Hogwarts and I will." Tonks said to him. She tilted her head to the side. "It's not gonna' be the same, not waking up next to you."

Harry smiled back at her. "I'm gonna' miss it too. Are we even going to be able to do anything at Hogwarts?"

"Yeah. And not just secretly either if my plan works out."

"Is this the plan that you don't want me to know about yet?" Harry smiled.

"The same one. Think of it more as a test on your part." Tonks answered, "Now go on, get through that barrier. I'll be waiting at the school for you." Tonks gave Harry a quick peck and pushed him off towards the barrier.

Harry pushed through the crowd on the other side of the barrier. He soon spotted Ron and Hermione standing with their bags.

"Hey Ron, Hey Hermione." Harry said as he stopped in front of them.

"Hey Harry." They both answered

"Good Holiday?" He asked.

"Yeah. It was O.K." Was the basic response from both of them.

"Hey Harry." The voice of Ginny made Harry spin around. "Did you eat any of my chocolates?" Ginny asked, trying not to look confused.

"Yeah, I did. Thanks. I love toffee."

"Um, no problem." Ginny said. Now she really was confused. 'Dammit. What happened? Harry's supposed to be in love with me. Toffee? I didn't put toffee in.' seeing that Ginny was caught up in her own little debate, Harry, Ron and Hermione made there way onto the train. They found an empty carriage in the train and sat down. Harry was opposite Ron and Hermione. They started to talk about the upcoming lessons.

“Who do you think the new Defence Against the Dark Arts teacher will be?” Ron asked while he fumbled around with a Rubik’s cube he had been given a while ago.

“No idea.” Harry said.

Ginny and Luna came in. Ginny sat down next to Harry with Luna sitting beside her. Neville came in as well just before the train left and sat next to Ron. Harry sat looking out at the countryside, feeling the vibrations on the glass. Ginny started to talk to him.

“So Harry. Looking for a girlfriend yet?”

“What?” Harry looked up at her, confused for a moment.

“Well, in Diagon Alley you said you weren’t looking for a girlfriend. Are you looking for one yet?”

“No. I’m not.” Harry said in a monotone.

“Oh.”

Ginny turned away and started to talk to Luna, trying to pretend that the conversation hadn’t just happened.

The others sat in silence for a while before Hermione to fake an interest in the upcoming Quidditch league at school.

“So, Harry. I hear you’re the captain this year, then. Any ideas for who you want on the team?”

“To be honest, Hermione. I haven’t given it much thought.” Harry said, drawing his attention away from the window and shrugging his shoulders. “I suppose I’ll just organize some tryouts and see who the best for each position is.”

“Hey.” Ron yelled out all of a sudden. “Am I still on the team?”

"Yes." Harry stated. Unless you think there is someone better?"

"Me? Never."

"Alright then, I guess you are."

"Why would you think there was someone better?"

"What? I didn't."

"You implied it." Ron said indignantly.

"Just drop it Ron." Harry said. Ron did but still looked a bit moody.

Each of them grabbed their trunks shortly after the train pulled into Hogsmeade station. They made their ways up to the carriages that pulled everyone up to the castle. Harry was too sullen to even notice what was going on around him. He soon found himself sitting at the Gryffindor table, between Ron and Hermione. He had become quite down when he realized that he couldn't see Tonks anywhere.

After the sorting, Dumbledore stood up from his seat at the end of the great hall and motioned for quiet.

"Greetings one and all. First a great welcome to the first years. And a welcome back to our older students. I remind you again to stay away from the forbidden forest. This warning is for the first years as well. It is forbidden for a reason. Second, Our caretaker Argus Filch would like to remind you that magic is not to be used in the corridors and any items found to be supplied by the store 'Weasley's Wizard Wheezes' will be confiscated indefinitely and will lead to a detention for any who carry them.

"Next, I would like to welcome the new teacher for Defence Against The Dark Arts, Professor Ridcully. He will be teaching all years. All other teaching positions will remain the same as last year.

"Lastly, I'm sure that many of you, especially those in Gryffindor, will be wondering about the appearance of a new sixth year. We have

been joined this year by Miss Dora Wright. She is an exchange student from one of the magical schools in America and has come to experience schooling here at Hogwarts. She has been pre-sorted into Gryffindor. I wish you all the best during your stay Miss Wright.” Harry looked down the table a bit. Sure enough, an unknown face was sitting there. She had long, straight brown hair and a perfectly crafted face. Dumbledore finished off his speech quickly, “I’m sure you are all very hungry so I shall allow you to eat.”

As Dumbledore finished, the table filled with food. Harry spent most of the meal pushing peas around a mashed potato fort with a chicken bone flag. He had all but forgotten about Tonks’ reassurance that she would be there and felt very down. During the course of the meal, Ron leaned over to Harry.

“Dibs on asking out the new girl first.” Ron whispered. Harry only nodded and went back to reinforcing his forts northern wall. The main course eventually disappeared and was replaced by dessert.

“Ooh! I love jelly!” The shout came from down the end of the table. From the new girl, Dora, who was now blushing furiously and scooping a vast amount of jelly into her bowl, her head held down. Harry cringed. The new girl reminded him too much of Tonks. Harry helped himself to some Banoffee pie before everything disappeared.

The students piled their ways out of the great hall and made their ways towards their common rooms. Harry sat down in his usual seat by the fire and watched Ron walk rather confidently over to Dora. He was going to enjoy this, he decided.

“Hi there, Dora. I’m Ron.”

“Um, Hi.” Dora said, not paying too much attention.

“Yeah, well. I just thought, maybe you. I mean. We. Um, I could maybe show you around the school for a couple of days, maybe?”

Dora turned to face Ron. “I appreciate it really. But I think I can find my own way around.” Ron opened his mouth to speak again but was

cut off. "And before you ask, I'm not really looking for a boyfriend at the moment."

"Oh. Alright then." Ron trudged over to Harry and sat down on a sofa. "She's all yours mate." Ron said, glumly. "Hard one to crack she is. Didn't bat an eyelid at me. Though she's probably perfect for you. She isn't looking to go out with someone, either"

"Or maybe it's just that you have no skill with women." Both the boys looked up at the slightly annoyed face of Hermione who took a seat next to Ron and curled her feet up on the sofa. "Honestly, you two. Have you no respect for women?"

"Hey. Don't blame me. I didn't do anything." Harry said, putting his hands behind his head. He didn't like it when the other two argued but he couldn't really do much about it and wasn't planning to try. He let his mind wander to Ron's recent failure. Dora seemed very familiar. He couldn't quite place his finger on it though. He needed a quieter place to think about it. Maybe he could visit the room of requirements later. The room. He remembered about using it to train his sword skills. Moving targets would be good. Or maybe some that fought back and gave him a challenge. Yes. Training in that room could be quite enjoyable.

Harry let a small smile creep on to his face even throughout his friends bickering. Slowly the common room emptied apart from the new girl Dora, Harry, Ron and Hermione. Soon Ron and Hermione had left and gone off to sleep. Harry had gotten up to leave a little bit after he realized that the fire had gone out. He said a rather shortened good night to Dora who just nodded and carried on writing on something. Harry went up the stairs and into his dorm. He moved towards his bed, got changed and went to sleep. Half an hour later, Dora finished writing and made her way up to the girls' dorm. She found the bed with her trunk next to it and climbed in.

A/N: Re-done along with chapter 9. It's slightly the same. Hopefully an improvement on the last version in some way.

Till next time.

Write your answers in blue or black ink.

Chapter 11 – Not very observant

Harry had awoken from an effectively dreamless sleep the next day. He got dressed and went down to the common room to wait for Ron and Hermione. When everyone was ready, the trio went down to the great hall to eat. Ron was stuffing his face with sausages when the timetables for the year's lessons were given out.

Harry looked down at his timetable. He had defence against the dark arts first. Followed by a free period. That was good luck. A free period so early in the week. He glanced over at Hermione's timetable. It was completely full up, as he expected. Ron's was the same as Harry's because they'd both opted for the same subjects. Harry was getting ready to leave for his first lesson when the new girl, Dora, came up to him.

"Hi, Harry."

"You know my name?"

"The scar." Dora said like it was obvious. "Anyway. I was wondering if you could help show me around the school for a little bit." Dora finished, holding a couple of books to her chest

"Um, sure." Harry said, scratching the back of his neck.

"Yay. Thanks." Dora said, jumping up and down slightly which made her short blond hair shake a bit.

"Blimey, mate." Ron whispered to Harry. "Almost every boy in the year has asked to show her around and she said no to all of them. Then here she comes and asks you."

"Yeah. But what's the bet that every question will be about the scar?" To Harry's surprise. Dora only asked one question about the scar. And that was why he didn't grow his hair over his scar so people wouldn't always gawk at it. Harry didn't have an answer to that. He hadn't really thought about it.

Other than that, they just talked about random things. Harry found out that he had quite a lot in common with Dora. They even had the same classes.

“Wait. So you actually chose divination?” Harry asked confused.

“So did you!”

“Yeah but. Well I just chose it as an easy choice. Something I should not have done.”

“Mmm. Well it’s not that bad. I suppose you could always ask to change if you don’t like it.”

“Yeah.” Before Harry realized it. They were walking into the Defence Against The Dark Arts classroom. Harry, Ron, Hermione and Dora all took their seats in the class. The scrawny, tall looking man they had seen at the feast the day before was standing at the front of the class, waiting for everyone to come in and sit down. When everyone was quiet, the man spoke up.

“I am Professor Ridcully. Dumbledore has hired me to make sure that all of you know what you are facing. Be aware. There will be no holding back of the truth in my class. The supposed Dark Lord is back and I aim to make each and everyone of you able to take him down on your own. We shall start with a little demonstration.” A cloaked figure stepped from the shadows, wearing a Death Eater mask. Every body in the class gasped and a few had their wands pointed at the figure. The few being Harry, Ron, Hermione and Dora.

“Do not worry. This is just a dummy. It will not attack until I give it the order. It has all the skills and spells of a Death Eater except for the unforgivables. Would anyone like to have a go at fighting it? Ah. Miss Wright. Would you like to come up here and show us how they do it in America?”

Dora nodded and walked up to the front of the class. She pulled out her wand and fell into a duelling stance. Her right leg was almost two

feet in front of her body, her right foot was pointing slightly to the right and she was leaning on her back leg.

“Ah.” Professor Ridcully stated. “Richtegen’s stance. Very good. Begin.” The Death Eater fired a cutting curse at Dora who swept to the right, twirled round and fired multiple stunners. The Death Eater put up a shield and shot back a few fire balls to keep Dora from shooting back. Dora caught one of the fire balls in a blue shimmering ball and enlarged it, sending it flying back and breaking the Death Eater’s shield.

The fight went on for a few more minutes, the two participants exchanging more and more potent spells. The Death Eater rolled away from a freezing spell and sent a leg locking jinx back at Dora who jumped back in a back flip and shot a bludgeoning spell at the death eater, blowing his head off his shoulders and ending the fight.

“Very good, Miss Wright. Some barely legal spells there. But legal none the less. They must have taught you well.” Professor Ridcully praised.

“Thank you Professor.” Dora said, taking a seat. Ron’s mouth was wide open at what happened in the fight. Harry just smiled and went up when he was called.

Harry’s fight lasted about the same length. Harry wasn’t as graceful as Dora. He ended up with a cut on his leg and a death eater hanging from the ceiling.

“Very good Mr. Potter. Been studying ahead, I see.” Harry smiled and nodded walking back to his seat. The only other person to beat the death eater was Hermione with successful use of a blinding curse. Ron was knocked unconscious in half a minute and Malfoy ended up having to go to the hospital wing after having both his arms broken.

By the end of the lesson most students had just been stunned. Harry left with Ron and Dora to go back to the common room while Hermione went to another lesson. Halfway to the common room Ron

stopped and told the other two that he'd forgotten his quill. He ran back down the stairs to go and get it.

"I thought he'd never leave." Dora said, shaking her head slightly, making her shoulder length black hair shiver.

"Wha..." Was as far as Harry got before Dora pulled him into a broom cupboard and proceeded to snog him senseless. But Harry soon became aware of what just happened and pushed Dora away, keeping both his arms on her shoulders. He looked into her eyes.

"Look. I'm flattered and all and I really do like you but, technically I have a girlfriend." Harry said.

Dora let out a little chuckle. "Aw, so loyal. But not very observant it would seem."

"What does that mean?" Harry asked, confused.

"Well. If you haven't noticed. My hair has been three different colours and lengths since I got here."

"Really?"

"Yep. And guess what that means."

Harry looked quizzically at her smiling face for a second before asking. "Nym?"

"The one and only." The person who was now revealed to be Nymphadora Tonks said. Harry just stood there for a few moments before kissing her slightly.

"I can't believe it's you. How? Why?"

"Don't you want me here?" Tonks said, pushing her bottom lip out and tracing circles in his back.

“It’s not that. Why didn’t you tell me earlier?”

“Two reasons. One is rather selfish though. First, it was a test of your observance. You failed. Second. You look adorably cute when you’re depressed.”

“Gee, thanks. How’d you convince Dumbledore to let you in?”

“That can wait for a bit later. Now though...” Tonks said, pulling her hands up behind Harry’s head and pulling him slowly closer. “I believe we were in the middle of something?” Harry smiled and embraced Tonks once more in a passionate kiss.

“So no one but Dumbledore knows about this?”

“Nope. That’s why I had to change my appearance to something else. So no one would recognize me.”

“So this is what you’ve been working on during the time you disappeared?”

“Yeah well. I wanted to look perfect for you.” Tonks said, bushing a bit

“You look perfect no matter what you look like. It’s you I love. Not just your looks.” Harry said stroking her cheek lightly.

“Aw, so kind.” Tonks now had the original long brown hair. Her eyes were a misty bronze. She was cuddled up next to Harry on a sofa by the fire. The rest of the day had gone by quickly. Thanks to Tonks’ training during the summer, Harry knew all of the spells in the lessons for the next two years. The lessons were more of a review for him.

“So what’s with Dora?”

“It was one of the nickname’s you proposed during the summer.”

“Oh yeah. I like it.”

Harry's peaceful ambience was broken when a rather stubborn red haired woman came over to him. Harry sighed and looked up at her.

"What do you want, Ginny?"

"You lied to me." Ginny stated, not sounding hurt at all.

"I didn't lie to you and I'm not going to." Harry said. Currently True.

"You said you weren't looking for a girlfriend."

"I wasn't." True.

"Who's this then?" Ginny asked, pointing at Tonks.

"This is Dora." True. Nickname.

"Is she your girlfriend?"

"Yes." True.

"Since when?"

"Well. I met her some time about a year ago. We got together during this summer." True

"Then how come you weren't together yesterday?"

"I didn't recognize her at first. I thought I might not see her again and that was why I was a bit gloomy yesterday when we got here." True.

Ginny seemed apparently sated as she left to go back to talk with her friends. A few minutes after she left, Harry's peace was broken once again by a loud argument between. Ron and Hermione.

“Honestly Ronald, just because Professor Sprout was bleeding a little does not mean she is a vampire!”

“That wasn’t her blood! It was coming from her mouth for fuck’s sake!”

“There’s no need to swear.” Hermione fell back into a chair and looked at Harry. “You tell him, won’t you?”

“Ron.” Harry said turning to face the slightly exasperated face of Ron Weasley. “If you say that someone is a vampire, you need to have proper proof. Otherwise people won’t believe you. Just like people won’t believe me when I say Mrs Figg is a serial killer.”

“She’s a serial killer!” Tonks said, picking her head off of Harry’s shoulder and looking at him.

“Oh yes. People go into her house and they don’t come out.”

“Harry!” Hermione shouted. “We’ve been through this before. They don’t come out because they floo away.”

“How do you know that Hermione? How do you know?” Harry simply said and turned back to look into the fire. It was about this time that Ron noticed Tonks sitting curled up into Harry.

“When did you two get together?” He asked.

Harry just looked at Tonks. “Well.” Harry said. “Me and Dora just kinda’ kissed and, well, we agreed to be together.” For the record, this was true too. Ron just nodded slightly and sat on the arm of Hermione’s chair, trying to put his arm over her shoulder as inconspicuously as possible. He stopped after Hermione came close to breaking his wrist.

When the other two had gone off again, a thought struck Harry. “You know? I haven’t seen you fall over once since you came to school. You weren’t even that clumsy during the summer. What gives?”

“Well, I now take a potion once a month that makes my balance, hand-eye-co-ordination and agility near perfect. I’m kind of a test subject. The makers couldn’t think of anyone better to test it, which is kind of an insult, when you think about it.” Harry just laughed and kissed her cheek. “Of course their may be side affects. Not sure what but shouldn’t be too bad.”

Tonks and Harry were the last ones to leave the common room. After a quick kiss at the bottom of the stairs that turned into a considerably longer one, both of them ascended the stairs to each of their dorms.

A/N: Sorry if my Ridcully is different than the discworld books. Haven’t read them in a while and can’t remember him so well. Should get better eventually though. I’m starting to read them again

Also. I redid 9 and 10. go check them out if you were unhappy with them before. Hopefully they're better

Till next time.

May your ears be wax free.

Chapter 12 – Real Occlumency.

Three days after Harry had returned to Hogwarts, he was called into Dumbledore's office. He walked down the hall and stood in front of the stone gargoyle and said the password. "Flying saucers." The gargoyle moved out the way and Harry made his way up the stairs to the Headmaster's office

Harry knocked on the door and heard a voice welcome him in from the other side. The office looked exactly the same as it did the last time Harry saw it. Only, without the smashed objects all over the place. Harry could see Dumbledore sitting at his desk, stroking Faukes.

"You wanted to see me Professor?"

"Yes Harry. The matter that I told you about on your birthday shall have to wait for a bit. For now though, I would like to inform you that your Occlumency lessons with Snape shall have to continue for the foreseeable future. Voldemort is planning something and I don't want him controlling you at all."

"Oh. But don't I have this necklace to stop it?"

"The necklace may be taken away if you are captured, Harry. Lessons will be every Saturday, starting tomorrow."

"O.K. then Professor." Harry said glumly. "Is that everything?"

"Yes. That is all. Enjoy your day." Harry sighed and said goodbye before leaving and heading back to the Gryffindor common room.

While Harry had been at Dumbledore's office, Tonks decided to confront Ginny. She approached Ginny in a corner of the common room where she was writing in a book.

"Ginny. This has to stop." She said flatly.

Ginny closed her book before looking up at Tonks and smiling nicely. "What does?" She asked innocently. Tonks wasn't fooled.

"I know about the love potion's you've been giving Harry." Ginny's face fell a mile.

"Wha... What do you mean?" She asked, annoyance evident on her face.

"I mean that you have been trying to slip Harry Amorntina Sinphya. A powerful, long term and nearly untraceable love potion that is illegal in several countries that unfortunately do not include this one."

"Well. He wouldn't have noticed me otherwise. He's always with you." Ginny yelled out suddenly.

Tonks smiled a little. "Look, Ginny it's obvious that you have a crush on Harry but you have to stop and think. First, is it really Harry you have a crush on or is it the boy who lived? Second. Getting someone to love you against their will isn't real love. It's immoral and unkind. If you want someone to love you, you should try and get them through fair means. You know, flirting asking on a date, little hints and the like."

"Yeah I suppose." Ginny said with her head hung low. "Good. Plus. Harry's mine. Try and move on. There are plenty of other boy's out their for you." Ginny nodded. Tonks smiled again and walked away, satisfied. She knew that she could sort this out on her own. If Harry knew then he would just yell at Ginny and he needed all the friends he could get at the moment. She was happy that Ginny would stop and possibly start acting normally around him. Ginny on the other hand, decided that she would have to other methods seeing as the love potions weren't working.

He was greeted by Tonks sitting down in a chair, smiling at him.

"Wotcha Harry. Why so glum?"

"Occlumency with Snape tomorrow. And every week."

“Oh. Bad is it?” Tonks asked.

“Well, all he does is say ‘clear your mind’. Then he sorts through all my bad memories one by one.”

“Hmm. Oh the scrub method. Yeah. I’ll admit that it’s best for teaching someone quickly. But it doesn’t really let you learn how. And it only stops the attacker, doesn’t allow you to strike back.” Tonks said wistfully. “You also don’t get memory benefits.”

“Wait.” Harry said. “You know how to do Occlumency?”

“Of course. Auror training.”

“Do you think you could teach me? In a different way than Snape does.”

“Sure.” Tonks said, smiling.

“Thanks Nym. You’re the best.”

“I know. Now you go to Snapes class tomorrow and if you still can’t learn anything, I’ll start to teach you as well.”

“Great.”

Harry came back from the dungeons with a sore head and painful memories of Sirius’ death resurfaced after his Occlumency lesson with Snape. He hadn’t been able to do anything to stop him yet.

Still. It wasn’t all bad. This meant that Tonks would be teaching him. He walked slowly back to the common room, forcing out the memories and sorrow of Sirius’ death while attempting to stay upright.

Harry climbed through the portrait and into the common room. Tonks was waiting right next to the entrance. She pulled him onto a sofa and looked straight at him.

“Didn’t go well did it?” She said after a few seconds.

“No.” Was Harry’s reply.

“Well. We need to find a way to get to the room of requirements. Without being seen.”

“I’ll go get my invisibility cloak then.” Harry said, still dazed. Harry stumbled up into his dorm and came back a few minutes later with the silvery cloak. He threw it over both him and Tonks, barely covering both of them, and they both made their way out of the common room.

When they got inside the room of requirements, Harry threw the cloak off and looked around. He was in a plain, square room with no lights or windows. The room was well lit. No shadows at all. But the light didn’t come from anywhere.

“Why’s it like this?” Harry asked.

“No distractions. Helps clear the mind.” Tonks replied, taking a seat on the floor, her legs crossed. Harry sat opposite her.

“How’d you know where this place was, anyway?”

“This is where I use to come to…” Tonks began but stopped quickly.

“What?”

“Nothing, it doesn’t matter.” Tonks said looking a little embarrassed. She had changed back to her normal, Tonks, form a little while after they entered the room. “Anyway, we’re going to start off by clearing your mind slowly. Now. It is actually almost impossible to think of nothing. So only think of one thing.

“When we make your mindscape. The one thing you focus on now is what you’re mindscape will look like when we make it if anyone

tries to invade it. Of course you can make any changes. It's easier to get it right first time. But if it doesn't work, it's fine." Harry sat back and thought of only one thing. Slowly he realized was thinking of just a penguin.

'Why a penguin?' Harry thought. 'Damn now I'm not focusing. No. shut up shut up shut up.' Harry's face screwed into annoyance and concentration quickly. Tonks tapped him on the shoulder to break him out of his state.

"Not working too well. Huh?" Tonks asked him.

"Well I focused on one thing. It turned out to be a penguin. I was thinking, why a penguin. And then I wasn't focusing anymore and it all went wrong." Harry said, still slightly annoyed.

"It's O.K. we'll try again. This time we'll decide what you'll use as an outer shell before you focus."

"Penguin not a good thing, then?" Harry asked.

"Well. Having an animal replaces protection for mobility. In other words, it's harder for an attacker to get to your mind but easier to break into when they do."

"I see."

"If you do choose an animal, try and make it a fast one. Or you could think of a building. It's harder to get into that way. They have to put more energy into getting through." Tonks explained.

"O.K." Harry thought for a few minutes. "Tonks?" He began.

"Yes?"

"Is it possible to... um... I can't really explain it." Harry looked embarrassed. "I'll just see how it goes."

“O.K. You should imagine your thought forming around you.” Tonks said. “Focus on it until it stays. If it starts to fade, focus more and more until it doesn’t.” An hour or so had passed before Harry was happy with his mindscapes form. Tonks passed the time by playing solitaire.

“Alright Tonks, I’m done.”

“Great. I’m gonna’ come in and join you. You may feel a little tingling. Leglimens.” Tonks appeared inside a room that was filled with pictures, bits of paper and moving memories. “Is this it? A room. A room took you an hour to make? Mine’s a castle and that only took twenty minutes.” Harry appeared beside her.

“There’s a lot more on the outside. I felt you pushing and let you into the middle.” Harry said simply. Tonks looked around a bit more.

“Alright. Now we’ll get on with the sorting.”

“Sorting?” Harry asked, obviously confused.

“Yeah. We need to sort all your memories so you have more space for others. It also allows you to recall memories in an instant. So basically. Perfect memory once it’s completed.” Harry and Tonks went around sorting memories into books. Harry tried to keep Tonks away from his most depressing memories but she still managed to see a memory of one of his times under the stairs. It was quickly put in a box entitled ‘Dursleys’ Harry added a few more floors to his room, making the floor larger as well. Half way through sorting, Tonks came across an object lying on the floor.

“What’s this?” She asked, picking it up. Then she properly saw what it was. “Oh.”

“Yeah. No idea why but my sword has a physical presence in my mind.” Harry said, taking the sword in his hand. “Don’t know what it means but I could use it as a defence.”

“We could try that later, yeah. For now though, give it a stand. Harry imagined a stand for the sword. They both went back to sorting. When they had finished, Tonks pulled straight out of Harry’s mind and woke him up from his slight trance.

“Ow. My back hurts, what time is it?” Moaned Harry.

“Oh my god! It’s four thirty in the morning. We need to get a bit of sleep.” Tonks yelled. A bed appeared in the room. “Good thing it’s Sunday.”

“Yeah but Ron and Hermione may wonder where we are.” Harry said climbing into the bed.

“Meh. They’ll figure something out.” Tonks said sleepily. Harry thought about what exactly they’d figure out before he fell asleep, quickly joined by Tonks.

The Next day was Sunday and both Tonks and Harry just got up in time for Lunch. After eating quickly, they both went back to the room of requirement.

“Now. We’ve finished sorting. Now we will make defences. To begin with, we’ll just think up as many types of defences and obstacles as possible. Then you’ll try and effectively bring them into existence in your mindscape. Remember to get into your mindscape, just imagine that what it looked like when you left yesterday.”

Harry sat for a few seconds. “O.K. I’m there.”

“Great, now you try and create as many of the defences as possible. Then I’ll come and check it.”

The week passed by quickly and with a few hours of Occlumency training with Tonks every day and all of Saturday. Harry was ready for his next lesson with Snape.

“Clear your mind, Potter.” Harry felt the stab at his head and withdrew to his mind. Snape appeared in a roman style room with tall

book cases and a spiral staircase to another open middle floor. In the middle was an expensive looking marble desk. Harry was sitting at the desk with a closed book in front of him.

“So you created a mindscape, Potter? You should know that with no defences, it just makes it easier for an attacker to find memories.

Harry nodded. “Oh of course, feel free to look around.”

Snape scowled and grabbed a book from a shelf. He opened it up to see a small figure of Voldemort break dancing on the pages. Snape closed the book and threw it away. He grabbed another. Inside was himself dressed as batman. He was fighting the Joker who just so happened to be Voldemort.

“What is this Potter?” Snape snapped.

“Oh I keep all my pointless daydreams in this room. It’s fun to relive them some times. I think I made that one in your last potions lesson.”

“I will find your real mindscape, Potter. Simple tricks can’t stop me.”

“By all means, be my guest. There’s a prize if you get it in under an hour.” Snape scowled at Harry’s smug grin and head off in the direction of a door. He opened and looked inside. There was a swamp full of alligators and a canoe. On the other side of the swamp was a door. Snape tutted and levitated over the swamp.

“People can move anyway they like in a mind, Potter.” Snape shouted.

“That’s why I made the hammer.” Harry’s voice drifted back from the door Snape came through. Snape looked up suddenly to see a giant Hammer come crashing down on him and push him into the swamp. He dashed out quickly to the other side, the alligators following him. He grabbed the door and ran through, shutting the door behind him. he was back in the original room.

“Back so soon?” Harry asked, sitting in front of him. “Did you find it yet?”

“Quiet Potter.” Snape said and moved to another door. This one slid upwards to reveal a bunch of oddly dressed men with white bowls on their heads. Crouching along the sides of a white panel corridor.

“It’s Darth Vader!” One of the men yelled. “He looks even uglier without his helmet, open fire.” Snape quickly shut the door and turned back to Harry fuming.

“I love that film, don’t you Professor?” Harry said, smiling still.

Snape didn’t say anything and just walked up to a bookcase. He pushed against a few books until one of them clicked. A panel of books slipped away. Snape smiled. It looked more like the face a dying weasel makes.

“Ah.” Harry began. “You’ve found my hidden section. I wouldn’t look in there. It’s got my rather, well. Let’s just say it’s not suitable for children.”

“Nice try, Potter.” Snape walked into the newly revealed room. He came back out again twelve minutes later, a rather disgusted look on his face.

Harry laughed. “Told you. Did you find the one of Filch and Mrs. Norris?” Harry shivered. “It’s not too pretty, really. Ron’s fault by the way. Saying how Filch’d rather marry his own cat.”

Snape righted himself. He looked around again. There were thousands of doors. Anyone of them could be the mindscape or a painful experience. But wait. That book on the desk. Snape walked over to the desk Harry was sitting at and grabbed the book that was in front of him. Snape opened it up, a smug look on his face. That disappeared as a sword came flying at him.

Snape went skidding across the floor. His heading forcing his body to an abrupt stop as it collided with a wall. Harry came out of his mind

and sat smiling at Snape. Snape picked himself from the floor and dusted off his robes. He turned his head up to Harry, scowling menacingly.

“One hundred points from Gryffindor for attacking a teacher.” Snape shouted.

“Actually Professor. It was self defence.”

“And another twenty points for being disrespectful. Now get out. Be sure that Dumbledore will hear of this.” Harry grumbled a little but left the room, heading upwards to the Gryffindor common room. On the way up, Harry was thinking about several things that were soon to come. He checked them off.

Dumbledore’s secret meeting.

Quidditch tryouts.

And the most probably closest one. Getting blamed for loosing one hundred and twenty house points in about half a minute.

Harry was not looking forward to the next day.

Tonks was once again waiting for him inside the common room. Harry sat down and sighed.

“So how did it go?” Tonks asked eagerly.

“Bad.”

“What? Did he find it? How?”

“Oh he didn’t find it. He was well and truly trounced. It’s just. He took away one hundred and twenty house points because of it.” Harry said, mumbling slightly. He then proceeded to tell her about what happened in his head.

Tonks rested her head on Harry's shoulder. "Don't worry, Harry. It's just a cup."

"I know that. But most people here take it very seriously."

"I'm sure it won't be that bad." Tonks kissed Harry and said goodnight. They both walked up to their dorms and got into their beds. Harry spent ten minutes performing a pre-sleep mind cleanse. He had been doing it every night since Tuesday. Tonks was more practised and could do it in a second.

A/N: yeah. So that's what my Occlumency defences would be. It's not too bad if you ask me. Notice that I didn't say where his mindscape actually was located. Where do you think it would be? Here's a hint. Snape got very close to it.

Anyways. My own defences (if I had any) would probably also have the Last Crusade's tests. As well as the gun kata from Equilibrium. Oh, and the entire time crisis 3 game. And a jazz battle with a monkey! But I digress.

Next Chapter will be about Tonks more than Harry. I feel I've been focusing on Harry too much. You may say otherwise but it's my story, so there.

Till next time.

You ask him for it.

Chapter 13 – Sharing

Tonks was sitting reading a book. It was entitled 'Objects in your mind – A guide to foreign beings in your mindscape'. So far, Tonks had found that Harry's sword had bonded to him. It wasn't completely unheard of but there were only about a hundred people in the world who are bonded with an object at any time. Some of these people have never bothered to check their mindscapes so they wouldn't know.

Tonks had been reading this book since about five in the morning. She was woken up when she managed to fall out of bed. It was her dream that made her fall. She couldn't remember all the details but she wouldn't recount them to any small children. She had come down to the common room and taken a seat in the middle-ish part, facing the stairs to the Boy's dorm.

Sure enough a crowd slowly began to form rather angrily around the stairs. Tonks just chuckled and carried on reading. Harry's idea of using the object as a weapon was quite unheard of in the book. This is because most bonded people are slightly insane and tended to bond with tractors or teapots. This had made Tonks laugh.

It was about nine o'clock before Harry finally made his way down the stairs. Hermione had joined Tonks and asked what was going on. Tonks had told her about Harry losing house points and then had to hold her back and explain more thoroughly before she could join the mob. Hermione just huffed and sat down to read a book.

Tonks watched Harry slump lazily down the stairs before looking up at the mob.

"What?" Harry said. "Have I got something on my face?" Tonks stifled a laugh. She knew full well that Harry was a little inobservant in the mornings. Tonks looked at the crowd and saw Ron getting pushed from the front to stand in front of Harry.

“Harry, mate.” Tonks heard him say. “Well. Everyone would like to know how you managed to loose us one hundred and twenty house points in one night.”

“Everyone?” Harry said simply. He looked over Ron’s shoulder and repeated “Everyone?”

“Wotcha Harry.” Tonks yelled across the room, waving frantically

“Oh hey Dora, Hermione.” Harry yelled, waving back. “Good to see you’re not a part of the mob, eh?”

“Just answer the question Harry.” Ron said, rather nervously.

“Well. I suppose...” Harry said, pausing for dramatic effect. “I suppose it was because I nearly turned Snape into a drooling vegetable.” Tonks let out a laugh at Harry’s brief summery. Hermione, having heard the full story before, was smiling as well.

None of the others were.

“What?” Ron said, brainlessly.

“Yeah. He tried to use leglimency and in my mind, I almost stabbed his brain with a pointy sword. Ergo, almost a brain dead.” Harry finished off. Ron was speechless. Slowly, some clapping started sporadically. Then the whole crowd broke out in a round of applause. Harry smiled and moved through the crowd, who moved apart while still clapping, and headed towards Tonks.

Tonks smiled at him and gave him a hug which led to a rather extended kiss. Hermione coughed loudly at them, bringing them both back to earth and making them blush.

“So... what we gonna’ do today?” Tonks asked.

“Dunno’. Wanna’ go to the lake for a bit and watch the giant squid?” Harry asked, his arm around Tonks waist

“Sure.” Tonks got up off her seat and made her way out of the common room, Harry following soon after. They made their way down the stairs slowly, hand in hand. When they got to the lake they found a grassy patch of land and sat down on it, leaning on each other. The giant squid was busy flinging the merfolk into the air in a circus fashion.

Tonks looked over at Harry. He looked so much happier than when she saw him at the start of the summer. He looked healthier, too. His overly slim body was beginning to fill out and was well toned. His arms were strong and sturdy. His Hair was still untameable but it was longer and that seemed to hold it down a bit more. It covered his scar well and made him look younger and boy-ish, a novelty his eyes could never truly had. Even when he was laughing, his eyes told of his hardships that no one should endure. Tonks sighed a little. It wouldn't do to be so depressed in such a lovely place.

The time spent thinking about Harry's hair made her think about her own. She never really had the chance to change it on a regular basis at Hogwarts in case some one found out. She decided to ask Harry's opinion.

“Well.” Harry began in reply. “If you really want to change it, you could make it shorter and say it was cut and say the colour change is rebelliousness. I'll change mine with you, if you like.”

“Oh? And what would you look like, pray tell?” Harry just looked at her and changed into the form he created in the summer, white hair hanging down to his neck, his eyes ice blue. Tonks laughed and Harry changed back.

“You don't like it?” He asked.

“No, it's great. It's just, you had an idea ready? Put a lot of thought into it, huh?” Tonks asked him.

“Well. I made it during the summer. I quite like it. I need a name for it though.”

“A name?”

“Yeah. You know. Just like an alter ego. To help me blend in, almost.”

“You won’t blend in with white hair.”

“Well. At least people wouldn’t know it’s me.”

“True. You can hide the scar but the eyes give you away.” Tonks had changed her eyes to match Harry’s though they never seemed to be as deep, Tonks thought. “We’ll think of a name though.”

“O.K. So are you going to change your hair?”

“Yes and that’s really thoughtful of you. For now. Just change the hair. Eye colour change is a lot harder to explain.”

“Will do.” Harry leant over Tonks and kissed her, stroking his hand through her hair. Tonks responded by putting her hands around his waist and pulling him deeper into the kiss. When they finally broke apart for air, they became aware of footsteps behind them.

“Oh hey there Harry.” Ginny said, lively. “Hey Dora.” She added flatly as an afterthought.

“Hey Ginny.” Both Harry and Tonks said, both wondering why she had interrupted their good time. Tonks was still straddled over Harry, who was looking at Ginny upside down.

Over the course of the term, Tonks had secretly checked everything that Harry ate. It could have been called paranoia except for the fact that there had been thirty four attempts at administering a love potion in Harry’s food. Tonks decided that she would have to confront Ginny soon.

“Hope you don’t mind.” Ginny continued. “I just brought Dean here with me. He’s my boyfriend now, Harry. Don’t let us bother you.” Harry and Tonks watched as she pulled Dean over to a spot no more than twenty metres away and, making sure Harry was still watching, proceeded to snog him forcefully, making loud noises.

Tonks looked down at Harry, who met her gaze and smiled. “I do believe she’s trying to make you jealous, Harry.” Tonks said smiling, though inwardly she was cursing Ginny for still trying to steal Harry, though in a less immoral way.

“Why would I be jealous...?” Harry replied. “... when I have the perfect girl already?” He smiled cheekily at Tonks who said nothing, just smiling and then leaning down to pick up the kiss where they’d left off.

Twenty minutes later, Harry accidentally poked Tonks in the side. Tonks let out a little squeal.

“Don’t do that, Harry. I’m ticklish there.” Tonks said.

“Oh really.” Harry asked with a devilish grin. “Just there? What about here?” He poked Tonks other side. She let out another squeal.

“Harry, no. Stop it.” Harry smiled and proceeded to tickle all the places he could reach. Tonks managed to break away and ran off across the school grounds. Harry gave chase. Harry was faster but Tonks was more agile and managed to evade him for long enough for him to stop, doubled over panting. Tonks walked idly over to Harry.

Breathing deeply, Tonks said in a husky voice. “Next time. I get to tickle you.”

Tonks had often considered herself both lucky and unlucky at times. Lucky when she found she had Metamorphagus powers. Unlucky when she was secluded and used because of it. Lucky when made a real friend in her third year, Tanya. Lucky when she found the room of requirement. Unlucky when her first boyfriend left her because she wouldn’t have sex with him. Though in reality, that wasn’t her fault at

all. Lucky when she became an Auror. Though that was more skill than luck. Overall, she often felt more unlucky because of her powers making men want her to change.

She felt quite lucky at the moment though. She had a boyfriend who not only didn't ask her ever to change, but was also willing to change his looks to help make her happy. Tonks and Harry had been asked a lot of questions regarding the every day hair colour changes on the first few days. Harry had said that they were holding a protest to raise awareness of the S.P.E.W. cause. The teachers that knew enough about S.P.E.W. decided not to bother complaining. There wasn't anything in the rules about it anyway. Harry later had to explain to Tonks what S.P.E.W. actually was.

Tonks had sported pink spiky hair on the first day while Harry had favoured white. The next day, Tonks had bright green and Harry had red. The few days, Tonks had different colours still. Harry changed his colours as well and had said it was fine that people stared as long as Tonks was happy. Tonks had hugged him when he had said that and kissed him in the middle a corridor full of people. It earned a few cat calls from various people as well as making all the girls glare daggers at Tonks.

Most of the lessons were easy for Tonks. She sat next to Harry and just reviewed all she had learnt before. Harry could spend more time with her because he didn't have to spend as much time learning new magic after her teaching during the summer.

Professor Ridcully had decided that, seeing as Harry and Tonks knew all the things he was going to teach them, they could help teach and practise duels with other students. This also seemed to be a way for him to avoid teaching the students himself.

Harry had posted a notice informing everyone that the Quidditch tryouts were starting at the weekend. He had tried to convince Tonks to at least try and see what happened. Tonks had bad memories of her last broom.

Tonks was now sitting on a chair in the Gryffindor room, reading the last few chapters of the bonded objects book. Harry had been called

away to see Dumbledore. Hermione came and sat next to her. They both sat there reading for half an hour before Hermione put her book down.

“Dora.” She said.

“Yes, Hermione?”

“I think we need to talk.”

“What is it?” Hermione now had Tonks full attention.

“Well. There’s no easy way to tell you this. So... I know that you’re Tonks.” Tonks was speechless. When she thought about it though, she had tried to be secretive about it but there were some signs. She should have known that Hermione would be able to pick them up.

Tonks came back to her senses. “So how’d you figure it out?”

“Well the hair changes could have been passed off as rebelliousness. But couple with the fact you greet people with ‘Wotcha’ quite often. It made sense. Don’t worry. I haven’t told anyone, yet. And I take it Harry dyed his hair to help stop any suspicion?”

‘Hmm. She doesn’t know about Harry having the powers as well.’ Tonks thought. “Uh. Yeah. I felt a bit annoyed at not being able to change my hair and Harry offered to change his as well to cover it up so I could change however I wanted.”

“Oh. O.K. which brings me to my next point. You’ve been dating Harry.” Hermione said, hands on hips.

“Yes.” Tonks winced. She knew how Hermione felt about things like this.

“How can you... I mean... He’s... and you’re...” Hermione started each argument before she finished the one before.

“I know.” Said Tonks. “But I love him. And he loves me back. It’s hard to find someone that like me for me. And Harry’s special to me.” Hermione was silent for a few minutes thinking. Tonks spoke again. “Are you going to tell Mrs. Weasley now?”

“I...” Hermione began. “No. No I’m not.” Tonks eyes widened. She wasn’t going to tell? How very... un-Hermione-ish. “I won’t tell on one condition.”

“What is it? Anything?” Tonks yelled.

“Mind sharing?”

A/N: Dunn Dunn Dunn!! That’s right. Hermione’s making a move. I’m not sure how accepting they’ll be. She is kinda forcing it. But this is the way I had it in my head and, well, they’ll learn to deal with it. Should have a bit of explanation in the next chapter and the details of Harry’s meeting. Not sure which one will be first. Or maybe they’ll both happen at the same time.

Till next time

May your dancing be coordinated.

Chapter 14 – Explanations and revelations.

“You wanted to see me sir?” Harry walked into Dumbledore’s office. The headmaster was hunched over a desk, writing. He looked up when Harry came closer and beckoned for him to sit down.

“The first reason I called you here, Harry...” Dumbledore began. “Is about your Occlumency training. Snape has told me that you have made barely acceptable progress in your mind defences.”

Harry scoffed loudly. “He’s just sore because I sent him skidding across the floor when he tried to enter my mind.”

“Yes. Well. To that end I would like to congratulate you on succeeding in making proper defences and exceeding so well and I shall award twenty points to Gryffindor for your efforts.” Dumbledore finished. It wasn’t that much to Harry. He didn’t really care about the cup anymore but still, twenty added while one hundred and twenty was taken away. That’s a bit unfair.

CR

“So let me get this straight.” Tonks said, obviously confused. “You want to go out with Harry. As well as me?” Both she and Hermione had moved into their dorm for a bit of privacy.

“Yes.” Hermione answered simply.

“But what about Ron?”

“Oh please.” Hermione laughed. “That boy’s head is stuck so far up his own arse, I wouldn’t be surprised if he could taste his tonsils. And people expect us to get together. Are they mad?”

“I can’t say I disagree with you on that point but, why Harry?” Tonks asked.

“Well. He’s nice and thoughtful. He always put others first. I’ve had a bit of a crush since I kissed him in the third year but was too afraid

he'd hate me if I said anything." Tonks just nodded along, agreeing as Hermione spoke. "Also, I'm sure you've noticed, but, he's become quite handsome lately."

"True. But still. I'm not too sure about this. I'm not too willing to share."

"Please. I wouldn't be forceful or intrusive. I'd do everything how you wanted it and if you told me to leave I would." Hermione said.

"Wouldn't you just tell on us?" Tonks asked, not convinced.

"Huh? Oh right. Not really. I mean physically it's a bit of an extreme relationship but... I wouldn't say anything unless you two said I could. I wouldn't want to lose Harry as a friend. It's just... I don't know how to explain. I'm sorry I asked at all. I should just drop it. Harry's happy with you and I don't really have a chance with him, do I? I just thought... maybe... well... It could be fun?" She added pleadingly.

"I never thought I'd hear you say that about something over then reading. But I suppose if you were to take it slowly, it might be alright. I mean, at our pace. It could be good, yeah." Before Hermione got too excited Tonks added "I'd have to ask Harry first and see what he feels about all this. I'm not making any promises. O.K.?"

"Alright. Thanks Tonks." Hermione picked up her book and walked out leaving a still slightly unsure Tonks to ponder her situation.

DO

"The second matter, Harry, is regarding your Metamorphagus skills. I have been thinking and I think that it might be best if we were to remove them via a ritual." Dumbledore had said. Harry hadn't taken it as well as he had hoped

"What? Why? It's going to be a great help against Voldemort and you want to get rid of it?" Harry yelled

“Please Harry. This power could be a danger to you and people around you.”

“How?”

“I wouldn’t expect you to understand such things.” Dumbledore said.

“Of course I don’t. You haven’t given me a reason.”

“Harry, this is for the greater good.”

“Stop avoiding giving me a reason.” Harry yelled. His anger was rising sharply every time Dumbledore opened his mouth.

“Harry, think what could happen to your friends if you don’t comply.” Dumbledore said calmly. The sparkle in his eye had left some time ago.

“How am I supposed to think about what could happen when you haven’t told me?”

“Harry, calm down.” Dumbledore said. Harry was now standing up, glaring at Dumbledore. “I know what I’m doing, Harry. I only have the pupil’s best interests in mind.”

“You obviously don’t. I’m leaving. Goodnight, Professor.” Harry spat out the last bit.

“Harry, please reconsider.” Dumbledore started. “It could be fatal for you if I must force you into the ritual.” Harry said nothing. He left Dumbledore’s office, slamming the door behind him. Dumbledore sighed. He would have to call in a few favours to deal with this setback.

CR

Tonks and Hermione had been talking for a little while after Tonks agreed to talk to Harry. They were still talking when Harry stalked into the common room and sat down on a chair, scowling at the fire.

“What’s wrong Harry?” Tonks asked.

“Dumbledore.”

“Why? What’s he done?” Hermione put in.

Harry turned to look at Tonks. “He wants me to get rid of my powers.”

“What?!” Tonks shot up.

“Powers?” Hermione asked. “What powers?”

Harry looked torn for a second before turning to Hermione. “O.K. I’ll tell you but promise you won’t take Dumbledore’s side.”

“Alright. I promise.” Hermione answered without a moments thought. “But what is it.”

“I’m... I’m a Metamorphagus.” Harry said, quietly so no one else could hear.”

“Really? Since when?” Hermione was obviously a little confused but her joy at the news overwhelmed it entirely.

“Well. When Tonks was training me over the summer, we kinda’ found out and practised it.” Harry said, not looking at Tonks during the explanation. He still thought Hermione didn’t know. He then told them both what Dumbledore had said.

“ Well what Dumbledore said was bullshit.” Harry looked up, surprised. Hermione had never sworn so loudly before, if ever. “Metamorphagus changes are controlled entirely by internal magic. No magic ever escapes. It’s no danger whatsoever.”

“So it’s just Dumbledore being controlling.” Tonks said, sitting down next to Harry and placing a hand on his shoulder. “We’ll help you with him, Harry. Don’t worry.”

“Thanks, Dora.” Harry said, resting a head on her shoulder. Hermione shot Tonks a ‘tell him’ look and got up.

“I have to go to the library quickly. See you two later.” With that, Hermione walked off towards the portrait of the fat lady. Tonks and Harry spent the next ten minutes kissing until Tonks finally decided to get it over with.

“So Harry... How do you feel about Hermione?”

“She’s a good friend, why?”

“Well. What do you think about her, physically?”

Harry seemed a bit confused but carried on anyway. “Truthfully, I suppose she’s quite attractive now. Beautiful, even.

“Mmm.” Tonks carried on, trying not to be too obvious. “Any... romantic feelings... at all?”

“O.K. Tonks. Where are you going with this? Because I’m not cheating on you if that’s what this is about.”

“No. No. It’s just. Do you have any romantic feelings at all?”

“Well. I suppose I did have a crush on her for a while. But that went away after I got together with you.” Harry said, kissing her cheek. “So seriously. Why all the questions?”

“Well. How do you feel about being her boyfriend... as well as mine?” Tonks asked, wincing in case he yelled at her. He didn’t.

“What?” Harry said, quite calmly.

“Well... umm... I... O.K. ... Hermione knows who I really am.”
Tonks said, quickly.

“I see. But how does this...”

“Well. She asked if maybe she could go out with you as well. For a while.”

“Hmm. That’s a bit awkward. And she managed to convince you?”

“Not completely. I mean a little. She said it would be at our pace and if we said no at any point she would just stop. I mean it could be fun.”
Tonks repeated what Hermione had said, smiling hopelessly

“Well. If you’re alright with it then I guess I am too.” Harry said, plainly

“Really?”

Harry nodded. “Yeah. Whatever makes you happy.”

“Great. I mean. It wouldn’t hurt to see what it’s like.”

“One thing though.” Harry said

“What?”

“We need to tell people about us before the end of the school year.”
Harry said, looking into Tonks eyes. “We can’t really afford to get blackmailed by someone against us, can we?”

“True. I guess, it’s for the best. We tell Mrs. Weasley last though.”

“Of course.” Tonks grabbed hold of Harry and pulled him into a strong hug.

“I love you.” She said before kissing him.

“I know.”

When Harry and Tonks had told Hermione what they had decided, Hermione dived into both of them and hugged them. She then pulled back quickly and straightened herself out and muttered a mumbled “Sorry” before smiling again at the two of them. The three of them walked down to the great hall together, Harry holding onto both Tonks’ and Hermione’s hands to make a point. When they got to the Great hall, they sat down at the Gryffindor table. Ginny came up to Harry.

“Oh, what? Is she your girlfriend too now, then?” She asked, sarcastically.

“Well, yes. I suppose she is.” Harry answered. Hermione blushed a little at Harry’s quick acceptance. Ginny let out an irritated huff and ran off out of the great hall. Harry shrugged his shoulders and started to put food on his plate. Ron was sitting across from him, a murderous look in his eyes and his face red with anger. Harry didn’t notice it and started to eat.

The day’s lessons passed quickly and Harry was sitting in the common room when Ron came up to him.

“Harry, mate, can I talk to you for a moment?” Ron asked, his fists clenched up.

“Sure.”

“Alright, come with me quickly.” Ron led Harry out of the common room and down the school until they reached Myrtle’s bathroom. Ron went inside and Harry followed. When he got in, Harry turned to face Ron.

“O.K. Ron. What’s this all about?”

“How could you do this to me?” Ron shouted suddenly.

“What?”

“You knew that Hermione was mine!” Ron wasn’t calming down at all.

“Is that what this is about?” Harry asked, getting annoyed. “Hermione has never belonged to anyone, Ron.”

“Yes she has and she’s supposed to be with me. You know that.”

“Hermione can make her own choices.” Harry said, starting to raise his voice. “You can’t force her to be yours.”

“I can and I will!” Ron shouted, “Why did you take her?” He added in desperation.

“I didn’t, Ron. She wanted to be with me.” Harry said, quietly.

“You liar. She’s mine. Not yours.” Ron yelled.

“Look. Ron. I don’t care what you say. Hermione wanted to be with me. You can’t change how someone thinks. You know what? I’m leaving. Don’t speak to me again until you can properly respect a woman’s rights.” Harry turned to leave the bathroom. Just as he was about to walk out, a blow caught him hard on the back of the head. He fell onto the cold bathroom tiles, darkness forming around his eyes.

“-rry. Harry, wake up.”

“Ngh.” Harry tried to open his eyes. The blinding light forced them shut again and alerted him to the painful throbbing sensation in his head.

“Tonks! He’s waking up!”

“Harry? Harry, can you hear me?” Tonks’ voice echoed in his head. He forced his eyes to stay open until they could focus properly. The

focus slowly returned and Harry could make out the faces of Tonks and Hermione above him.

“What happened Harry?” Hermione asked. “Are you alright?”

Harry shook his head. “That bastard!” He managed to get out.

“O.K.” Tonks said, chuckling a bit, “Not the answer we were looking for. Mind explaining?”

Harry sat up, ignoring the pain in his back. He looked around. He was still in Myrtle’s bathroom. “How’d you find me?” He asked, mumbling slightly.

“Well...” Hermione said, wincing slightly as she said “We used the marauders map.” She brought out the map and turned it off. “So what did happen?”

“Ron. Must have hit me. My back was turned. Ugh... my head hurts.” Harry added.

“Ron? Why?” Hermione asked.

“Can’t remember all of it but. Said I’d stolen you from him. He got angry and I went to leave. That’s when I blacked out.” Harry said.

“That prat!” Shouted Tonks, helping Harry up to his feet. “I’ll ring his neck.”

“What did he mean by ‘stolen’?” Hermione asked.

“Well. It’s quite obvious that Ron likes you. Apparently he took it as far as to believe you belonged to him.” Harry explained

“That prat!” Hermione shouted. “He has no respect for women.”

“That’s what I told him. Come on, let’s get out of here.” Harry said, walking out of the bathroom door.

Over the next month or so, things settled into a new form of normal. Ron had been officially adopted by the Slytherins and spent most of his time with Draco Malfoy. Harry had organized the tryouts and selected the players for the Gryffindor team.

Hermione seemed to be quite shy around Harry now. Something that Harry decided he wanted to change. She was getting better and while she never started a kiss with Harry or Tonks, she was now happy to continue one that they started, even in a public place.

Ginny seemed to be more accepting that Harry wasn't with her. She'd stopped using love potions, anyway. Halloween was only a week away and the whole school was getting ready for the celebrations.

A/N: Yeah. That's that done with. Seeing as I don't like Ron as a character much, he's probably not going to come to his senses. He'll still be in the story but not as a main character. He wasn't really one to begin. He will be later, maybe. One chapter. Ish.

Anyway, next chapter is Halloween and some bad things are gonna' happen! Not sure whether it's danger bad or relations bad. Still. Bad.

Till next time.

Press Alt F4. It's a cheat code!

Chapter 15 – Halloween Circumstances.

The great hall was alive with activity. It was only two days until Halloween and all the teachers were adding their own special brand of holiday decorations to the mix. Professor Flitwick had provided charmed pumpkins that were full of fire and talked to some students or made eerie noises at random intervals. Sprout had added some rotted and twisted tree roots that moved around the walls. Hagrid had provided massive spider webs to hang from the windows and ceilings. Harry knew where he probably got them but didn't like to think about it. Professor Ridcully had tried to make some decorations but hadn't really done too well. When it was thought on. He hadn't done much proper magic since he got here. He was a good teacher, to be sure, but, he never seemed to do many demonstrations.

The halls of Hogwarts were alive with moving shapes and images on the walls. The ghosts did their best to look the part. Except for the Bloody Baron. And Peeves. Peeves just did what he always did and pelted the students with several wet, slimy or smelly projectiles whenever he could.

Harry hadn't spoken with Dumbledore since his previous meeting and was doing his best to avoid any eye contact with him at all times. The only contact that Harry had really had with Ron was Ron insulting him, Tonks and Hermione while walking around with Malfoy and some other Slytherins which ended with all of the Slytherins put into the hospital wing. All of them by Tonks who struck before anyone else had their wands out.

After that Ron had avoided them completely. Though he still cast evil looks at them every now and again.

Other than Ron, Harry was quite pleased with how things had been going so far in the year. He got to stay with Tonks and not only that, he got to have Hermione as well. He counted himself pretty lucky at that point.

Ginny Weasley was sitting quietly in a corner of the Gryffindor common room, writing in a book.

How? How? It's not fair. How? It must be Hermione. Or Dora. My potions weren't doing anything. Harry should be mine. Not theirs. It's not fair. I'm the one who loved him first. Not bloody little Miss perfect or that man stealing bitch. She's only just come here. She has no right. Can you believe she had the nerve to ask whether I truly loved Harry? Of course I do. He's Harry Potter, the Boy-Who-Lived. How can I not be in love with him?

But that doesn't matter. She'll be gone soon. Cast aside. Then there'll just be Hermione. I can get rid of her, no problem. She's just a bloody little book worm. She'll be easy. But Dora. That bitch. She's going to be a challenge. A challenge to be sure. But I'll think of something. Harry will be mine. He already is. He just doesn't know it.

But how? He won't just give her up. She's twisted him to her will. He doesn't know what's best for him. I can show him, though. I can show him. I'll think of a way. No one will stop me. Especially not some good for nothing bitch that can't keep her hands off of MY MAN.

But wait. There is a way. It'll need some planning. It's perfect. Harry will be mine, then. All mine. I must prepare it now. She won't be able to stop me. Harry will be mine. All mine.

Mrs. Ginny Potter.

Ginny stopped writing in the book and shot up from her chair. She closed the green leather cover and closed the magic seal so no one else could read it. She ran up to the dorm and came back a few minutes later without the book. She quickly ran out of the common room and up to the owlery. She would need to meet him. In private. And this was the best and safest way to contact him. He would have to come. They had a common interest.

The next day, Ginny walked down a deserted corridor in the dungeons. She had been lucky to find this place and get here undetected. The corridor was cold and grey. She turned a corner and saw exactly who she had expected to see. He stepped from the wall he was leaning on.

"What's this about, Weasley?" He sneered.

“I-I-Have a proposition for you.” Ginny answered him, trying to keep a brave and commanding face.

“And what would that be?”

“We can get Harry to break up with that new girl.”

“And why should this interest me?” He asked, obviously not interested

“Harry will be downtrodden. It’ll be the perfect time for anything you wanted to humiliate him for. He would be too depressed to do anything.” Ginny hoped she would be doing the right thing. Harry would be hers. That’s all that mattered.

The boy was clearly intrigued by now.

“And how do you intend to break them up?”

Ginny bit her lip hesitantly before making up her mind and speaking. “Well...”

The Halloween party was in full swing by eight thirty in the evening. Dumbledore had used his many connections to the people through being their headmasters when they were younger to wrangle in the Weird Sister’s to play. Tonks had nearly screamed her head off and deafened Harry who was standing right next to her, half way through a conversation. She was joined in her screaming by almost all of the female population and quite a few of the male as well.

Tonks pulled Harry straight onto the dance floor. Harry tried to pull back but Tonks was almost impossibly stronger than Harry. He still refused to dance when he got there so Tonks shot a small spell at him to get him to loosen up a bit. It also increased his dancing skill. Harry seemed very surprised at his new found talent. Sure it still wasn’t the best dancing in the world. That could never come through magic only practise, but it was still good enough to leave quite a few

people staring at the dancing couple in amazement. Hermione joined them a small while after the dancing started

The night wore on and slowly the younger kids started to leave. It was only the top three years left now and the dance floor was quite a bit quieter. Tonks had finally let Harry sit down, rest and eat to regain energy when the band had gone for a break. The band came back twenty minutes later and Tonks pulled Harry out once again. When the clock struck eleven, Tonks pulled Harry to the side and told him that she had something she had to do. She said she'd be back as soon as she could, gave him a quick kiss and ran out of the great hall and up the stairs.

Ten minutes later, the Weird sisters said they would play their last song soon. And that it was to be 'Love Potion' Harry remembered that Tonks loved the song and decided to go and find her. He ran up the steps that he had seen Tonks go up and turned a corner.

He stopped where he was. His eyes open in horror.

In front of him, her back against the wall was Tonks. The bad part was that Draco Malfoy was latched onto her face, their tongues trying to rip each other out. Harry let out a small, strangled cry of pain and ran up to the Gryffindor tower and into his dorm. After he had left. Draco pulled away and looked at where Harry had been standing. Tonks looked as well.

"I think he saw us." She said. Draco smirked and walked away, back to the dungeons.

Harry was deathly quiet the next morning. When Tonks had tried to approach him he yelled at her, calling her a cheating bitch before storming off, leaving a very confused Hermione and Tonks and a very smug looking Ginny.

"I'll go and talk to him." Hermione told Tonks and gave chase out of the common room. She found him later in the room of requirements, huddled up on a sofa, crying softly to himself, his tears falling onto a picture of him and Tonks that he never remembered being taken.

Hermione walked over to him and sat down beside him. She put an arm around his shoulder and pulled his head up to look at her. She gave him a soft and reassuring kiss. Harry looked up at her, dazed for a second.

“You... you kissed me?” Harry asked. Hermione blushed.

“I’m sorry.” She looked a bit sad.

“No it’s fine it’s just. You’ve never kissed me. I mean... I always kissed you.”

Hermione smiled and went back to the matter at hand. “What happened, Harry?” She asked. “Why did you shout at Tonks?”

“ Cheating... Draco... Lost...Sad.” Harry said between sobs. Hermione kissed him again and rubbed circles into his back, trying to get him to calm down and make more sense. Harry tried to speak again. “She was cheating on me. I saw her. Kissing Malfoy of all people... I... I... I loved her, Hermione. I couldn’t stand seeing them. She... She... Just please... please don’t say you’ll go as well... Please... please.”

“Harry I...” Hermione started.

“ Please... Promise me... promise me you won’t leave... please...please Hermione...promise me.”

Tears were forming in her eyes as she promised. “Harry, I promise. I will never leave you or hurt you. What happened?”

“Tonks...Tonks was... I saw them... Tonks and Draco... Kissing...”

“Oh Harry.” Hermione exclaimed wrapping him up in a hug and letting him cry into her shoulder. “It’s O.K. Harry. Everything will be alright.”

“No. I... I...Loved her... Hermione. I thought she loved me too... She said so... she... did... did she lie?” Harry mumbled into Hermione’s shoulder, taking deep breaths.

“I don’t know, Harry. You still have me. I’ll never leave you.” Hermione comforted him, patting his back. “You’ll... We’ll stay strong, Harry. We still have each other. I don’t know why Tonks did it. But there’s no proper excuse for it.”

It took another twenty minutes for Harry to calm down enough. Hermione comforted him with another kiss and when he felt he was ready, they headed off for the common room. It was a Sunday so they didn’t miss any classes. Hermione helped Harry into a seat. Tonks came to approach him but Hermione warded her off with an icy glare. “I think you should leave him alone Tonks. He doesn’t want anything to do with you right now.”

“But...” Tonks started.

“Leave.” Hermione stated sternly her jaw clenched. Tonks had a confused look on her face and left, obviously sad. Ginny came over to where Harry and Hermione were sitting.

“Are you alright? I saw you run off. Is everything O.K.?”

“Harry’s just going through a hard time. I can’t explain until he wants any one else to know.” Hermione answered Ginny’s question and turned back to Harry. Ginny nodded and sat down on the other side of Harry, resting a hand on his shoulder. Tonks walked slowly back up to her dorm, constantly looking at the truly depressed form of Harry.

Tonks sat down on her bed and stared at the floor. It didn’t take long before she broke down, crying into her hands. She didn’t remember how long she sat, bent over crying but eventually she realized that someone was coming in. she tried in vain to tidy herself up so she didn’t look like she was crying. She looked up at the new entrant and saw Ginny standing at the door.

“Hi, Tonks. Harry told me about what happened. I...I don't know if you feel bad enough already but I just have to ask... why? Why'd you do it?” Ginny said slowly.

“Do what? I don't know why he's angry at me? Did... did I do something wrong? I feel horrible and I can't understand why he hates me now.” Tonks said, her sobs almost silent now.

“I thought it would be quite obvious, considering what you did.” Ginny said. If Tonks had been looking at her, she would have seen a sadistic smile form. It was gone in an instant and as Ginny turned to leave she looked over her shoulder one last time. “I just can't believe you'd do something to Harry like that.” Tonks broke down into crying once more as Ginny closed the door behind her, the smile forming on her face once more.

Tonks stayed in the dorm room all day until another person came up. This time it was Hermione. She stood at the door for a while, silent. Finally, Tonks spoke.

“How's Harry?” She asked.

“Not good. You betrayed him, cheated on him, kissing Draco. How is he supposed to feel?” Hermione said, obviously pissed off. Tonks looked up in confusion.

“Draco?” She asked. “Draco Malfoy? He thinks I was kissing him? When?”

“Last night at the ball. He walked in on you two kissing. Why? Were there other times?”

“Other times? There wasn't a first time!” Tonks yelled. “I despise Draco. Not to mention he's my cousin and that's just wrong on so many different levels.” Tonks shuddered. “Why on Merlin's name would I want to kiss that asshole?”

“Harry knows what he saw. And that was you kissing Draco.” Hermione said, her arms crossed, looking unbelieving at Tonks.

“I swear I didn’t. You have to tell him that Hermione.” Tonks pleaded.

“Tell him yourself. I don’t believe it.” Hermione looked like she was going to say more but looked at Tonks’ head, hung down in defeat, and just shook her head before huffing and walking out, leaving Tonks to break down once more into fits of sobbing.

A/N: Halloween is over and it was relationship bad after all. No love story is good without a nice bit of turbulence in the middle. They’ll get back together eventually. Knowing my pacing it will probably be next chapter. Maybe a week’s tops in story time. Who knows?

Till next time.

For two to four players.

Chapter 16 - Forgive me

Tonks had spent the next couple of days trying to talk to Harry and tell him her side of things. He wouldn't even accept that she was there during that time but Tonks still wouldn't give up. She tried to approach Hermione in the library and ask her to speak to him.

"Look, Tonks. I'd like to believe you but how can you explain what he saw. He obviously saw you two kissing. How could he really have mistaken it?" Hermione said flatly, her arms crossed.

"I can't explain it." Tonks said, sighing. "But I know I didn't do anything like that. Please. Just get him to talk to me. Please. I want him to at least hear what I have to say."

"I don't know. I'll have to think about this" Hermione got up and put away the books she was using. She walked out of the library without looking at Tonks once. Tonks sat down at a table and let out a frustrated sigh. From the other side of the library, she could hear an annoyed 'shh' directed at her.

Tonks went to go and find Ginny and see if she could help her.

"I'm sorry, Dora but you hurt Harry pretty bad and I just don't think he wants to talk to you right now. He needs to be around his real friends for a while." Ginny said, simply before turning back to the potions assignment she was doing. Tonks turned around and left the common room, tears forming in her eyes once more.

A few days later, the school was piling down into the Quidditch stadium to watch the first match of the season. It was Hufflepuff verses Ravenclaw. The stands were packed with people and Tonks was unable to even get a seat near Harry so she could try and explain. She sat at the end of a row and watched the match with little interest. Hufflepuff were winning 70 – 50 when Tonks saw Harry get up and walk off in the direction of the exit. She waited a few moments and then ran to catch up with him.

"Harry!" She shouted when she got closer. "Harry!"

Harry ignored her and carried on walking towards the castle. The roar of the Quidditch match leaving them behind. Tonks pushed on and ran to Harry side. She grabbed his arm so he would look at her and Harry span around, wrenching his arms away.

“What?” he shouted at her, clearly still upset and angry. “What the hell do you want?”

“I want to explain. Tell you my side of things.” Tonks said, once again on the verge of tears.

“What are your sides of things then?” Harry shouted at her. “Is it anything other than me seeing you snog Malfoy? Huh?”

“I didn’t kiss him!” Tonks yelled out in desperation.

“Yeah right.” Harry obviously wasn’t buying it.

“Look. When I left it was to find Ginny. She had told me there was something that she wanted to tell me. I went up to the common room but she wasn’t there. So I came back down to the dance.”

“What? Did you meet Malfoy on the way and decide to kiss him then?”

“No! Why the hell would I do that? He’s my cousin.” Tonks shouted.

“Is that really supposed to make it better?”

Tonks ignored his last comment and calmed down a little before saying. “I came back to the ball to find you but you were gone. I waited until everyone else had left to see if you’d show up. Eventually I had to go back up to my dorm to get some sleep. Then the next day, you were yelling at me. And I didn’t know why.”

“As convenient as that sounds...” Harry said spitefully, walking along again making Tonks follow. “I know what I saw and unless you

can explain that then I can't believe anything you say. Just... leave me alone." Harry shook his head and started to walk faster.

"Please..." Tonks called after him. "You have to believe me." She fell to her knees, her voice barely a whisper. "Please... I love you." Harry hadn't heard. He was too far away and Tonks' voice wasn't loud enough to carry itself to his ears. Harry kept on walking not looking back while Tonks broke down into fits of tears again. She stayed on the gravelly path for another ten minutes staring as Harry walked off into the castle and keeping her eyes fixed on where Harry had left her sight.

Eventually she picked herself up and began to wander randomly across the school grounds, lost in such a familiar place. That was how she had ended up by the lake, reflecting on the events of Halloween. As she chucked rocks and sand into the lake, she began to think of any explanations as to how Harry had apparently seen her kissing Draco. She still shuddered slightly at the thought of kissing him.

'Well, he could have used a love potion or something to get me to kiss him but I'd have remembered it, right? But then again, I could have had a memory charm placed on so I couldn't. That doesn't really seem his style though. And he probably doesn't know any memory charms anyway.' Tonks sighed, a few tears still falling down her face. 'Maybe someone could have pretended to be me and kissed him. That's it! Maybe someone used Polyjuice. But who would want to do that? Well duh, that's obvious. Just about every girl in the god damn school would want to get Harry to break up with me.' Tonks began to get up when another thought struck her.

'And top of that list of girls is none other than Ginny Weasley. She would. I thought I had set things straight with her. Argh. That bitch is so going to get it.' Tonks stormed off to the castle. The Quidditch game had ended a while ago and no doubt Ginny would be with Harry in the common room, trying to seduce him in some way. Tonks stopped as she neared the castle.

‘He’ll never believe me at the moment. I’ll need proper proof. But it’s not like there is anyway I can get it. I’ll have to try and convince him as is.’ With that thought, Tonks stormed up to the common room and burst in. She scanned around, looking for Harry. He wasn’t there. In fact there were only two people in the room, both of them staring at Tonks who had made a very loud entrance. ‘Oh yeah, it’s about half way through dinner now isn’t it?’ She smiled sheepishly at the two people and backed out of the common room a lot quieter than when she burst in.

Righting herself again, she ran down to the great hall and, sorting herself out quickly, walked in, expecting to find Harry with Ginny trying to seduce him. Only, he wasn’t there. Tonks was confused. Where else could he be? Hermione was here so it would have to be something he didn’t want her to know about.

The sword.

‘Of course. He must be training in the room of requirements. Good, I can speak to him in private.’ Tonks ran back up to the corridor that hid the room of requirements, now completely out of breath from running up and down the Hogwarts steps multiple times. Panting for breath, she tried to focus her mind. Harry would be training so...

‘I need a place to train,

I need a place to train,

I need a place to train.’

Nothing. She tried again.

‘I need to find Harry,

I need to find Harry,

I need to find Harry.’

This time, a large door appeared in the hallway. Tonks took another deep breath and pushed it open.

Inside, Harry was surrounded by around twenty Death Eaters. He had his sword out, leading it gracefully through the air, taking out several Death Eaters with each swing. Tonks stood in awe as Harry dived around the arena in the room, dodging multiple curses with ease. A few minutes passed and the battle was beginning to take its toll on Harry who still hadn't noticed Tonks watching him. His hair was soaked with sweat and his movements were becoming slower as he went. Finally, Harry was caught out and the sickly green light of the Kedavra curse leapt towards his unguarded back.

Tonks did the first thing that came to mind and leapt in front of the curse, it hit her square in the chest and sent her flying into a wall. Harry stopped suddenly and the Death Eaters disappeared.

Of all the things Tonks expected being hit with the killing curse was going to feel like, damp was not one of them. She opened her eyes quickly and looked down at her chest. Her clothing was marked with green paint. Confused, she looked around the room. She was still in the room of requirements, the arena was still there as well but she realized that she was lying on a bed that wasn't there before.

Harry was sitting on a chair next to the bed, watching her intently. "How do you feel?" he asked quietly.

"What happened?"

"You jumped in the way of a killing curse aimed at me. It was only a coloured paint spell, fortunately but the gesture was still nice. They pack quite a punch, huh?"

"Uh...yeah." Tonks said. Then she suddenly remembered why she was there. "Harry, I need to talk to you."

"What is it now Tonks. Another excuse?"

“No. It’s the truth, I think.” Harry rolled his eyes though he was obviously upset. “Look, Harry, I think that someone used a Polyjuice potion to look like me. You do know what a Polyjuice potion is, right?”

“Yes.” Answered Harry, sighing. “I used one in second year and spent all of my fourth year being taught by a Death Eater using it to look like Moody. What do you mean, by someone?”

Tonks bit her lip. “Ginny.”

“What?” Harry asked, stuck between amused and confused. “Why the hell would she want to do that?” He shouted.

Tonks leapt up from the bed and faced him, her hands held up in desperation. “Are you fucking blind or something, Harry? She’s been trying to get you since she got to Hogwarts!”

Harry stayed silent. He stood up and walked towards the exit. He paused when he reached the door “Really, Tonks. Don’t just keep coming up with lame excuses. Just... just leave me alone.”

“Harry, wait. Look I know it was her. She spent the first part of this year trying to feed you love potion.” Tonks shouted in a final attempt to make Harry see the truth.

“Yeah right, Ginny wouldn’t do that. She wouldn’t betray me.” He walked out without looking back but with tears gracing his eyes. Tonks stayed in the room of requirement for the next few weeks, only Harry knew she was in there but he couldn’t bear to face her after she had hurt him so badly.

The coming Friday, the school was heading down once again to a Quidditch match. This time it was between Gryffindor and Slytherin. Harry walked onto the pitch, his shoulders sagging. He wasn’t feeling up to a game today. Looking quickly into the Slytherin team he was surprised to see Ron standing at the end of their line, grinning like a loon. Harry walked over to him the first chance he took.

“Ron! What the bloody hell are you doing on the Slytherin team?” He shouted.

Ron just smiled smugly at Harry. “I’m their new keeper. Got something wrong with that?”

Harry held back the urge to hit him there and then before speaking again. “But you’re a Gryffindor.” He said icily.

“Special permission from Snape. I’m a full Slytherin now.” Ron said smiling again.

Madame Hooch called the teams in and started the match. Try as he might, Harry couldn’t stay focused on the game, his thoughts were drifting to what Tonks had said. Had it been true? He thought about Ginny, her time spent blushing and running away whenever she saw him to the more recent years with her constant greetings and slight touches in the common room and the great hall. He was brought crashing back to the game again when a bludger flew into his hand, fracturing a finger.

Harry was now flying a little above the Slytherin goal hoops. He had been hit lightly by another three bludgers causing bruising but not much more. His eyes weren’t moving or focused, let alone looking for the snitch. The obnoxious voice of Ron called up to him.

“What’s the matter, Harry? Relationship troubles I hear? You’ll be loosing Hermione next, I’ll bet. She’ll probably leave you for a real man, like me.” Hearing Ron’s laughter run around his ears, Harry finally lost his control. He corrected his brooms angle and sped towards Ron. Reaching his top speed, he brought up a fist and smashed it deep into Ron’s stomach. Ron was sent flying from his broom and fell to the floor a long way below. Harry landed next to Ron’s body. He was still alive but had broken both his legs and his hip. The rest of the game stopped when they realized what had happened. Harry gave Ron an extra blow to the head for luck before he was dragged off by two of the teachers.

Harry was penalized from the match and lost seventy house points for unsportsmanlike conduct. Slytherin got two free shots, both of which were saved by Seamus, Gryffindor's keeper. The Slytherin keeper caught the snitch with no competition but because Ron was incapacitated, Slytherin let in too many goals. In the end, Gryffindor won, 270-240.

Harry was sitting sulkily in the corner while the rest of his house was celebrating the win.

"Don't worry 'bout it mate. Anyone woulda' done the same thing to that backstabbing house-changer." Harry was told along with several other comments of the same description. Harry went up to the common room while the rest of the house continued the party.

About an hour after the last of the Gryffindors had gone up to their beds, Harry made his way back down to find a quiet place to think. When he got there though, he could hear someone talking. He climbed down the final few steps where he saw Ginny stumbling around, obviously drunk, talking to herself.

"Yes." She said. "I am Mrs Potter. Why thank you I love my hair too. What was that? Oh it was easy. All I had to do was get rid of that bitch, Dora. It was quite simple in the end. Just used Polyjuice. Showed Harry I was better for him. It did."

Harry held his breath. He couldn't believe what he was hearing.

"Well. It wasn't all that easy. Still... still give him some Love potion. Just... just to be sure... yes... I am so... so clever... so clever, aren't I?" Ginny was slurring heavily now and let out a loud "Thank you" before falling face down on the carpet. Harry slowly crept up into his dorm. '

Tonks had been telling the truth. Oh god. She'll hate me now and it's all my fault that any of this happened. I should have believed her.' Harry decided that he would go and apologize to her in the morning after he thought about what he would actually say.

The next morning, Harry was standing outside the room of requirements. He took a deep breath and pushed open the door. Tonks was sitting on a stool with her head held down, long shiny black hair hitting the floor. Her face was stained with tears. She looked up as he entered but quickly let her head drop again.

“Come to shout at me again?” She said.

“No.” Harry said before taking another deep breath. “Nym. Tonks. I realized you were telling me the truth and... well... I’d like to say that I realized it on my own, but no... I had to listen t Ginny’s drunken ramblings first. Look, what I’m trying to say is... you were right. I was wrong and I acted like a complete asshole instead of hearing your side of the argument properly. I’m not really expecting you to forgive me but... maybe we could still be friends... if it’s not to bad?” Harry stopped. Tonks hadn’t even responded to anything he had said. He sat down on a chair and looked at Tonks. She was facing away from him. He was going to wait until she replied. No matter how long it took.

A long time passed. A very long time. Harry stayed watching the unmoving form of Tonks. Finally, when Harry was about to give up, Tonks spoke.

“I think I’ll need to thank that squirrel next time I see him.” She said.

“Harry stared at her for a second. “What?”

“The squirrel. If he hadn’t told me to hide in that tree then I probably wouldn’t have talked to you during the summer. And that was probably the thing that sparked the best time of my life.”

“So... can we still be friends?”

“If you want. Of course. I wouldn’t mind being more.” Harry looked up as tonks turned around, her hair shifting short and pink again. She was smiling through the tears. Harry smiled and walked slowly towards her.

“Does this mean you forgive me?” He asked.

Tonks pulled him down and kissed him lightly on the lips. “Always. What do you think would have happened to us then?”

“When?”

“If I hadn’t asked the squirrel?”

“Well. You’d have probably ended up marrying someone like Moony and maybe have had a son, who I would be made godfather to, before both of you died in a big final battle with Voldemort’s forces. I guess I would have ended up marrying Ginny because of her love potions and then had three kids, one of whom might have been named after old Dumbledore and Snape. And that one would be a bit worried about what house he would be in.” Harry stated.

“Well...” Tonks said, blinking, “...You’ve given it a lot of thought.”

“Not really. I just read a lot now and again.” Harry muttered under his breath.

“What was that?” Tonks asked.

“Nothing.” Harry said quickly before pulling Tonks into a kiss. He broke off after a minute or so. “One thing I don’t get though.”

“What?”

“How come using Polyjuice didn’t turn Ginny to your true form?” Harry asked.

“Not sure. Haven’t tried it before but maybe it just takes the shape of whatever the form was when the hair was taken. If that makes sense.”

“A bit. Wonder what would happen if you took a hair from a Polyjuiced person to make a Polyjuice potion.”

“It’s thoughts like that that turn men crazy.”

“Mmm.” Harry mused, kissing Tonks lightly. “Now then, how shall we make Ginny pay.”

“Well in any other case, I’d say go easy on her but in this one... We bide our time, wait till she’s most vulnerable... and then... we strike.”

“Ooh, so much venom in your voice.” Harry said, jokily.

“Well she tried to take you from me.” Tonks answered sincerely, “And that just won’t do.”

“Yeah well, how did she really fool us?” Harry asked no one in particular. “It was obvious it was all a ruse in hind sight but how did we fall for it so easily?”

“Tonks answered his question. “I guess the pain of betrayal and loss clouded our better judgement. Somehow even Hermione seemed to be fooled.”

“Yeah... Let’s get out of here. We can go and tell Ginny the good news.” Both him and Tonks laughed and left the room of requirements. A certain redhead had to be told.

A/N: Told you my pacing was bad. Oh well. Time skip a few chapters next month to Christmas. The truth might be revealed. Many truths. Well, three. Ish.

Till next time.

Now with Vitamin C

Chapter 17 – Christmas Truth

Tonks and Harry had told Ginny about them being together later that day and Harry had rubbed it in further by thanking her for being supportive while he was down. Ginny smiled sweetly at this, grimacing inside, and replied “No problem, Harry. It’s what friends do.” As they walked away, Ginny cursed, her mom would have to know about this.

Harry and Tonks had planned ways of getting back at Ginny since then. They had come up with quite a few ways but none of them seemed to be good enough. Not even if they used all of them at the same time. They had agreed that it would have to happen after Christmas at least, more towards the end of term time if anything.

The next couple of months passed without incident. Tonks had taught Harry how to check his own food for potions and poisons without giving off a magical signature so he could do it outside of school as well and she had continued to change her hair colour each day depending on how she felt though Harry limited his to once a week. Hermione had even tried dying her hair once to a dark purple but decided it didn’t suit her as much as it did the other two. Harry and Tonks had been teaching her Occlumency though in a less urgent way than Harry’s training. She wasn’t taking to it as fast but she could easily mask her emotions and base thoughts.

Feeling back to his old self again, Harry helped the Gryffindor team to win their match against Hufflepuff. Harry was told that he would be spending his Christmas at Grimauld place that year. Harry decided it would be for the best as Dumbledore might try the power removal ritual while no one else was in the castle. Grimauld would be safer. He probably had some sort of protection there anyway. Something Sirius said in his will made it seem like he didn’t trust Dumbledore completely. What was it that Dumbledore was hiding anyway? Harry had been asking himself this ever since Dumbledore had tried to get rid of his powers.

So. Harry was sitting at the table of Grimauld place, his arms crossed on the surface, staring idly at his food. He wasn’t really hungry. He had been here for only three days and already he was missing being

able to kiss Tonks whenever he felt like it. He could still kiss her sometimes of course but only quickly and in private. Privacy. He seemed to be getting less and less of that everyday. He always had Ginny or Mrs Weasley bearing down on him whenever he got a moments peace. It was frightening. Ron was ignoring him apart from the odd snide remark and had refused to share a room with him. Something that Harry was fine with. Tonks had offered to let him stay in her room but Mrs Weasley refused and gave him Sirius' old room instead. Something that depressed Harry a lot.

Still, Hermione would be there later that day. She had visited her parents for a few days to drop off her presents and buy a few more. 'At least,' Harry thought, 'I can be open about my relationship with her.'

Remus motioned to see him in another room and Harry quietly got up and followed him to the library.

"So Harry, how things going between you and Tonks?"

Harry nearly choked on a piece of food still on his mouth. As it was, he spent a good thirty seconds coughing before he managed to straighten himself out. "How... how'd you know?" He asked, still coughing slightly.

"Little signs." Remus said, smiling. "The odd glance, slight touches. You two just seem close." Harry just nodded. Had it been that obvious? "Of course. That would all mean nothing, except maybe a good friendship, without a certain special talent of mine. Enhanced werewolf senses. Frankly, you reek of her."

"I what?" Harry said, unknowingly lifting his arm to smell himself.

"Don't worry, cub." Remus said, laughing. "Only I can smell it. Showers won't really do much good. Spending a lot of time with her lately then?"

"Yeah. Since the summer." Harry answered simply. "This scent thing? How'd you know it was Nym?"

Remus raised his eyebrows at Harry's nickname for Tonks but answered the question anyway. "Each person's scent is different. Most enhanced senses work best on people close to you. You know..."

"People you like and love." Harry finished.

"Well... I... with Tonks... and... well... it's just... well..." Remus stuttered.

"Moony, relax. It was kind of obvious you liked Nym. I'm... I'm sorry if I upset you or anything."

"Don't worry about it Harry. The better man got the prize."

"I'm not really better at all. And Tonks isn't a prize." Harry said, smiling.

"True." Remus said. "True." He smiled back at Harry and went back into the kitchen where everyone was finishing their lunch. Harry waited for a minute before heading up to his room to wait for Hermione's arrival.

Hermione arrived about two hours later and as soon as she did, both her and Harry were called into a talk with Mrs Weasley. Ginny was sitting at the other end of the Kitchen where the talk took place. She obviously had something to do with this. Tonks and Harry had told Hermione about Ginny's manipulations after they had gotten back together.

"Now Harry, Hermione. First of all I would like to say that I don't really approve of this three way relationship that I hear you have going on with another girl at your school."

"Oh?" Harry said. "Who did you hear it from?"

"That doesn't matter dear. What I want to tell you is that I've been doing a little looking into this Dora character..." Harry perked up a bit.

It would be interesting to see if they had found out anything true. "... and I must say you may not like some of the things I found out."

"What things?" Hermione asked, keeping her voice emotionless.

"Well, it seems she has a very dark past in America." Harry nearly laughed. This was just going to be a bunch of slanderous lies. "She's been a known associate of a dark wizard that is believed to be connected with he-who-must-not-be-named. She has also been known as a whore and a gold digger." Harry clenched his teeth. It didn't matter that they didn't know who they were actually talking about or that they were obviously lying, Harry couldn't stand by while they insulted the love of his life. "And I think it would be best if you two stopped seeing her."

Harry swallowed and unclenched his teeth. "That's all well and good, Mrs. Weasley but Hermione and I have been good judges of character so far in our lives and we think that we'll make a decision for ourselves thank you." With that, Harry stood up and left the kitchen. Hermione was about to follow when she was called back for a minute by Mrs Weasley.

Harry and Tonks were waiting for her when she got out.

"So what did she say?" Tonks asked. "Harry filled me in on the rest. Just ignore that stuff. So what did she say?"

"She said I should be ashamed of myself." Hermione scoffed. "Both for hurting poor Ron's feelings and for taking part in such a shameful relationship." Harry let out a laugh.

"I know how to make you feel better." He said. "Tonks has organized a Christmas shopping trip for both of us. She's accompanying us."

"Isn't it dangerous for you to go out, Harry?" Hermione asked.

"Easy." Harry said. "I just won't be me." He changed into his white hair and ice blue eyes.

"I suppose it's fine then." Hermione said before running quickly up to her room to get some money.

Tonks looked at Harry. "You still need a name."

"Yeah."

Let's see. You have white hair, a motorbike, a sword... Hmm... How about Cloud?

"Or maybe something that isn't a Final Fantasy Seven character." Harry said, laughing slightly

"How'd you know that?"

"I'm a teenage boy, Nym. I know a lot about computer games."

"Fair enough. I'll keep trying. I suppose Dante is off the list too, huh?"

"Yep."

An hour later they were standing in the middle of Diagon Alley, they were preparing to start shopping.

"O.K. We'll go around each shop together and help each other with everyone else's presents." Tonks laid out the battle plan. "Then we will split up into pairs while the other has a drink at The Leaky Cauldron. The pair will buy their presents for the one at The Leaky Cauldron. First me and Harry, then Harry and Hermione, then Hermione and me. Might I suggest that if you want to get me an intimate present, then you either buy another, plain cheap one or hide it in an item of clothing. Any questions?"

Harry raised his hand. "How long will all this take? Does the three hour rule apply for just the guy in aisle 10 or can I extend it to something else?"

“Well the only guy I really talk about now is you so...” Tonks said smiling.

“Null and void?” Harry said, grimacing.

“Exactly. Now let’s move.” Tonks yelled the last bit and pushed them off towards the nearest store. They spent the next four hours searching through the shops, asking each others opinions on presents for different people.

“What should I get for a girl that tried to poison me with love potion?”

“A book on coping with failure?”

“Where have you been!?” The ear splitting yell of Mrs Weasley greeted them as soon as they entered the house. She wasn’t in the hall way yet which gave Harry a chance to give a questioning glance at Tonks.

She winced a little before answering. “Yeah, when I said I’d organized a trip, I meant that no one else knew about it. So... If anyone asks...”

“I’ll tell them exactly what part you played in this.” Harry said, smiling at her.

“Asshole.”

“I love you too.” Just then Mrs Weasley stormed down the stairs.

“What were you thinking?!” She was shouting. “You could have been killed! Dumbledore told you to stay in the house!”

Harry let out a rather forced yawn. “Well I don’t really care what Dumbles says anymore. He’s completely lost my trust. He just wants to manipulate my life so he can play the hero when this is all over.”

“Harry. How dare you speak of such a great man like that.” Harry just sighed at Mrs Weasleys comment and walked past her.

“I’m gonna go write a letter to Dora, if you don’t mind.” Harry said to annoy Mrs Weasley. “Hermione, Tonks, You want to come?” Both of them understood what he really meant and nodded. They went up the stairs and into Harry’s room. Harry cast a locking charm on the door and turned to face them both. “Right then.” He smiled. “Where’s my quill?”

The next couple of days passed quickly and soon Christmas day was upon them. Harry came down, hand in hand with Hermione after she had woken him with a cold bucket of water.

Down stairs, a tree had been set up, growing from the ground with snow falling from the ceiling, either settling on the presents, the floor and tree without melting. Around the room, the Weasleys were sitting along with Remus Lupin and Tonks who smiled and winked at Harry when he walked into the living room. Harry took a seat on the floor with Hermione and was quickly joined by Ginny who placed a hand on his arm, much to Tonks well hidden annoyance.

“Everyone’s here then,” Mrs Weasley shouted triumphantly. “Let’s begin.” Everyone began to pass around and open their presents. Harry got another sweater and a box of every flavour beans from the Weasleys. Remus gave him some chocolate and a bottle of aftershave. He got a (insert meaningful gift here) from Hermione and a pack of cards from Tonks.

Then it was Harry’s turn to give out his presents. For each of the Weasley’s he got some sweets and the like except for Ron, who received a book entitled ‘Getting Over Your Ego’, and Ginny, who Harry actually got the ‘coping with loss’ book for. Both of the youngest Weasley’s gave Harry evils when no one was looking. For Remus, he got a set of nose plugs along with a watch. It had a stag and a dog moving around instead of handles and a moon in the background. Remus looked on the verge of tears as he put it on.

For Hermione, Harry got a necklace with a tear drop diamond hanging from the middle. Needless to say, Ginny moved her evils from Harry to Hermione. Harry then gave Tonks her present.

“Socks?” Tonks asked.

“Yep.” Harry said, smiling.

“Pink socks?” She asked.

“They change colour.” Harry replied, his smile getting bigger and bigger.

Tonks stared at the socks for a short while before looking back at Harry. “No they don’t.” She said.

Harry sighed and his shoulders sagged before he smiled again and looked back at Tonks. “Turn your hair blue.” Tonks did as he asked and looked again at the socks. They were the same ice blue as her hair. She tried out some other colours and the Socks still matched them.

“Wow.” Tonks said. “They’re nice, thanks. I always like to match my socks to my hair on a regular basis.” She said with a hint of playful sarcasm. Harry laughed and then started to examine his presents in more detail.

Later on, Harry heard a knock on his bedroom door and smiled as Tonks came in. She shut the door. Sitting down next to Harry, she placed the socks on the bed and pulled out a band from either one.

“So that’s what was in there.” Tonks said, examining one of the bands.

“You didn’t look?” Tonks shook her head. “Not even once?” Harry, continued.

“I wanted to be with you when I got my present.” She lent over and kissed his cheek, continuing while moving over until she reached his

lips. There, she held her lips for a moment before pushing her tongue lightly into Harry's mouth. Harry let his tongue glide slowly over hers as they kissed. Eventually, they broke apart and Tonks returned her attention to the present.

"What are they?"

"Bracelets." Harry said. "One for you and one for me." Tonks put the one with her name engraved on it, on her wrist and gasped as it shone with a brilliant bright blue. "It shows how much the other loves you. It gets brighter depending on how much." Harry explained, slipping his on. It shone with the same dazzling blue light. "I never want something like Halloween to happen again. If ever we're in doubt, we just look at the bracelet and get reminded of how much the other truly loves us." He smiled sheepishly as Tonks gave him a light kiss.

"It won't. I promise."

"So what's with the cards?" Harry was now lying down on the bed, his head resting on Tonks stomach, sorting through the deck of cards Tonks had gotten him.

"Huh? Oh yeah. Find the king and queen of hearts..." Harry did that. "Hold them face to face..." Harry did that too.

"How romantic." He joked

"Shut up and look." The cards glowed suddenly in Harry's hands before a large box appeared and fell into Harry's face.

"Ow." Harry said, rubbing his nose. "Did you have to make it fall on my head?"

"Yep." Tonks laughed. "Open it up!" She added, expectantly. Harry carefully lifted the lid off of the box and put it down, being as slow as possible. Tonks was getting impatient.

“Hurry up already!” Tonks said punching his arm lightly. Harry chuckled and looked down into the box. Inside was another box. This one though was entitled ‘Magical Sword Modifying and Augmentation Kit’. Behind the box was a book entitled ‘The Art of Swordcraft – Magical and Muggle’. Harry looked up at Tonks, a bit confused.

“I just thought that it might be a good idea to personalize your sword more.” Tonks said. “You don’t like?” She added, looking depressed. Harry saw this and quickly corrected himself.

“It’s lovely Tonks. I’m just wondering why it needed to be hidden.” He explained.

“Oh, O.K. If you say so. Some people still don’t know about the sword. So, I thought it’d be best if I hide it.”

“True.” Harry nodded. “I love it, thanks.” Harry picked his head off of the bed and rolled over so it was inches away from Tonks’. “I think that someone deserves a kiss. Know who could it be?” Harry smiled.

“Oh no, I’m not playing that game.”

“What? So you don’t want one?” Harry smile grew mischievous. “Maybe I’ll just go and see if Hermione would like one instead then.” Tonks let out a sigh and put her hands through the back of Harry’s hair, entangling her fingers.

“Come here, you.” She said as she gently pulled him towards her, their lips getting closer and closer until...

“NYMPHADORA TONKS! WHAT THE BLOODY HELL DO YOU THINK YOU’RE DOING?!” Mrs Weasley yelled. “DOWNSTAIRS IN ONE MINUTE! I want an explanation from you.” With that, she slammed the door shut, making the house shake. Downstairs, a single thought was running through Hermione’s head.

‘Oh shit.’

Upstairs, the same thing was being thought. Or rather, said.

“Oh shit.” Harry said quickly, still above Tonks. “Oh shit.” He said again, getting up and sitting on the bed. “Oh shit.”

“Yeah, you might have mentioned that.” Tonks said, pulling herself up to sit beside Harry.

“Oh God, this is all my fault.” Harry said, his head in his hands. Tonks rubbed his back slightly before pulling his head up to look at her.

“Harry, none of this is your fault.” She said quickly. “I’m the one who came in last, I guess I forgot to lock the door. But moving away from blames... True. It happened a bit sooner and a bit harsher than intended but we were going to tell everyone eventually. Only this way, Molly found out first. But it’ll still be fine.”

“I guess so...”

“I know so.” Tonks said, firmly. “But on a brighter note, we still have about twenty seconds and I believe you were about to kiss me...” Tonks added, smiling.

“DOWN HERE RIGHT NOW!” Mrs Weasleys voice penetrated the quiet room.

“Oh well...” Harry sighed. “Maybe later.”

Downstairs was a scene of a riot. Molly was fuming in the Kitchen while Ginny looked a mixture of confused, enraged and upset. The Weasley twins were trying to get as much information from Mrs Weasley as possible and Hermione was close to freaking out. Lupin just smiled slightly at the pointlessness of it all.

Tonks and Harry came down the stairs, hand in hand. They both walked into the kitchen and sat down, Tonks on Harry’s lap, their hands entwined, both smiling. Mrs Weasley turned around and scowled slightly at the sight of them.

“I’d like to speak to Tonks alone please, Harry.” Mrs Weasley said as kindly as she could.

“Actually, Mrs Weasley, I think I’d prefer to stay and hear what you have to say. It does concern me after all.” Harry said defiantly. Tonks smile increased ever so slightly.

“I’m sure it’ll be fine Harry, You just go and wait with Hermione for a bit. I’m sure this won’t take too long.” Tonks said. “Right Molly?”

“Err... yes.” Mrs Weasley answered, a little off guard.

“Are you sure?” Harry asked. Tonks nodded. Harry gave her a little kiss and moved out from underneath her. He winked at her and walked out. Shutting the door behind him, He could already here the shouting start. Words like ‘how could you’ and ‘seduce him’ were coming through the door as well as ‘vulnerable child’. Harry decided it would be best to go and find Hermione or Remus. Or better yet, hide before the rest of the family knew where he was.

Inside the kitchen, the full conversation went like this...

“Now Molly, first I’d like to sa...

“What is wrong with you?” Mrs Weasley interrupted. “How could you do such a thing to Harry? Have you no shame?”

“I don’t quite understand what you’re getting at here?” Tonks said, acting dumb.

“You know full well what I’m getting at here Nymphadora.” Tonks winced at the use of her first name. “You tried to seduce him. Harry. He trusted you during the summer and how do you repay him? By making him fall in love with you just because of some stupid teenage crush that carried on? I mean, how old are you? And still, you carried on with it.” Mrs Weasley took a breath and Tonks saw it as her chance to argue back.

“Before you carry on. You’re going to listen to me. First, no, I didn’t seduce Harry. I could never do that to him. He means so much more to me than that. I love Harry and he loves me. It’s not just some ‘crush that carried on’. Yes, maybe I did have a crush on him when I was younger but I got over that. No, I fell in love with the real Harry. Not some image made by the media. Yes he trusted me in the summer. He still does. More than then. Well,” She decided to finish, “I’d like to think he trusts me more since we’ve been dating for about half a year.”

Mrs Weasley had her mouth open. She stammered for a bit. “I’ll not have lies like that told to me. You and Harry have not been dating, Nymphadora. You couldn’t have been. He’s been at Hogwarts.” She said, a little put off.

“Whatever you say, Mrs Weasley.” Tonks said wistfully, standing up. “Whatever you say.” Before she left, Tonks turned quickly and added. “Oh, and call me Dora.” With that she left and shut the door, leaving a very confused Mrs Weasley with her mouth hanging open yet again.

Harry had found Hermione being calmed down by Remus. ‘How convenient’, he thought.

“Moony, Hermione.” Harry greeted them quickly. Hermione looked up and leapt at him, concealing him in a hug.

“Oh, what are we going to do now, Harry? What’re they going to do to Tonks?”

“Absolutely nothing if I have anything to say about it.” Harry said, kissing her forehead.

“Oh, but...”

“No.” Harry said firmly. “She’ll be fine and if they try and take her, I will stop them. No matter what it takes.” From her position on Harry’s chest, she could see the fire glowing behind his eyes as he said it. Hermione shivered slightly at the sight and buried her head deeper into his chest, her slight tears disappearing in the comfort he gave her.

“So how did it go?” Harry was lying upside down on the bed, his head hanging off the edge, giving him a very nice view up Tonks’ nose. Tonks was sitting on the floor. A small smile came to her face.

“Well. It’s always hard to convince Mrs Weasley, isn’t it?” Tonks mused. “I don’t think I’ve completely one her over but I have given her something to think about.”

“Well, that’s a start.” Harry said. “Now first thing’s first. I still owe you a kiss.” Harry said, swinging his arms over and pulling Tonks towards him. He gave her an upside down kiss before rolling onto his front and pulling her completely onto the bed. He climbed on top of her and looked down, she was smiling at him, her hair long and purple.

He slowly moved down and met his lips with hers, brushing lightly at first but deepening it after a couple of seconds. All of a sudden, Tonks broke off. She looked up at Harry with amusement.

“Why hello. What have we here?”

Harry was completely red. His body had shown his love for Tonks in the most embarrassing way possible. He pulled back off of Tonks quickly and sat at the end of the bed, looking distraught and embarrassed.

“I’m so, so sorry, Nym. I really didn’t mean to... I mean... It’s... I don’t... I don’t want you to feel like I’m pressuring you... well... umm...” Harry stammered out a quick apology.

Tonks laughed lightly. “It’s fine Harry. It’s only natural. And... it’s quite flattering really. And I know you wouldn’t pressure me. You’re not like that. It’s fine, really.”

“No it’s not. I shouldn’t have done it. Tried to stop it. You must think I’m an arse.”

“Will you even listen to me?” Tonks yelled. She quietened her voice a bit when she said. “It’s fine Harry. You did nothing wrong. Besides,

the reason I don't want to yet, also applies to you. You are a Metamorphagus as well after all."

"I guess. But..." Tried to argue

"No Buts." Tonks said firmly. "You did nothing wrong." Tonks sighed slightly. "Thinking about it, I should probably tell you what happens when you do have sex." Harry blushed. He was still only a teenager after all.

"Yeah. I suppose that would be a good idea." Harry said quietly. Still embarrassed.

"Right then." Tonks thought about where to begin. "Well. The first time, you change. You're whole body. The books I've found over the years aren't too clear but, I think that you change into what you're partner sees as the perfect person. I'm not too sure whether it was a way to show if you're partner didn't like you for you or maybe to try and make sure that they stayed with you. I dunno'. Maybe it's a bit of both."

"So. Afterwards. You can't ever change from it?"

"No. Well, maybe. Again, the books aren't very descriptive. But what I got was that for me, I'll stay in the form until I give birth. I suppose that the change occurs for me when my hymen breaks." Both she and Harry blushed at this point. Harry harder. Tonks used her powers to hide hers, a thought that still hadn't occurred to Harry.

"What about me?"

"Well, I suppose I really don't know at all. I mean, I know you will change as well. But, I have no idea when it happens during the process." Tonks said, smiling slightly at him. "I do know that it lasts for a year, exactly. Once again, no idea how your body tells when a whole year is up. Or what the other person's perfect image is." Tonks said, wrapping her hand around Harry's shoulder.

"Magic." Harry said, smiling slightly.

“Yeah magic. Well, just because we can’t have sex, doesn’t mean we can’t do ‘other’ things.” She said suggestively

Harry smiled cheekily and leaned over to Tonks before pushing her shoulders lightly so she fell back with her head on a pillow. Harry slowly crept up to her head and smiled down at her heart shaped face. Just before he was going to kiss her, Tonks grabbed his arms and swivelled them around so she was on top. She laughed slightly as Harry had to brush some of her hair out of his eyes. She smiled deviously at him and made her hair grow longer so it completely covered his face. She started laughing more but was stopped as Harry abruptly turned them round so he was on top again.

“Two can play at that game.” He said, laughing. He grew his hair as long as Tonks was and added to it by lengthening his facial hair as well. He could hear Tonks laughing as she tried to scramble off of the bed. Harry shrunk his hair back to the way it was and leapt up in front of her. Tonks looked up from her position lying on the bed.

“You aren’t going to be able to kiss me up there Harry.” Tonks said, still laughing.

“No more hair?” Harry asked.

Tonks pouted playfully. “Fine.”

Harry climbed back onto the bed and lay down next to Tonks. They both lay sideways, propped up on their elbows, facing each other. Tonks leaned towards Harry and was about to kiss him when there was a rattling on the door handle and then a banging.

“Open this door right now!” Came threw the door along with other orders and pleas.

“See. We so should have used a locking charm last time.” Tonks said, smiling despite the situation.

“How long do you think the door will last though?” Harry said. He couldn’t help but smile too. Tonks’ one was infectious.

“About five minutes. Waddya’ wanna’ do till then?”

“Well...”

The entire population of the house, minus Remus Lupin, came charging threw a newly made, roughly door shaped whole in the wall, Molly Weasley on the front line. She stopped abruptly at what she saw. The other Weasley’s tried to look around her and also stopped when they saw what was happening in front of them.

“Yes, can we help you?” Harry said, his face flushed and his breathing slightly strained. Tonks was looking slightly better off though was still breathing deeply.

“I...I... Umm...” Mrs Weasley stammered as she saw what they were doing. “What are you doing?” She said just to classify.

“I thought that it would quite obvious considering our current positions, Molly.” Tonks said. “After all, there aren’t many things that it could be.”

Molly looked confused at them. Ginny, who hadn’t made it through to see what they were doing, had feared the worse by the time she finally found a space to see through.

“What...?” She said, her mouth open.

“Oh come on,” Tonks said, “like you haven’t done something like this before.”

“I...” Ginny didn’t know what to say. She had expected the worst, true. But still...

Harry and Tonks were there, in front of everyone present, on the bed. And they were...

Playing a game of cards?

Both Tonks and Harry had kept a straight face during the intrusion and the apparent interrogation. Harry very nearly burst out laughing as soon as he saw everyone's face. Tonks had had an easier time but still let a smile creep onto her face as she explained.

"Harry and I were just playing a game of go fish. It's really quite tiring with a magic deck. The cards move around constantly so you have to chase them when you say go fish. It's a lot of fun. I'm sure you guys have played before haven't you?"

"I think I have some questions to ask the two of you." Mrs Weasley said, quietly. She was still a little confused as to what happened.

Harry chuckled. "I think everyone does, Mrs Weasley." He said with obvious amusement. "I suppose we can probably answer most, one at a time mind you. The Twins together count as one." He added, sensing that they would come in together anyway. "Is that alright with you, Nym?"

"Fine by me." Tonks said, shrugging. "Mrs Weasley, you can go first." The others left the room and trailed down the stairs slowly, hoping to catch a glimpse of the conversation that was starting. Mrs Weasley quickly shut the door and put a locking and silencing charm on it. She turned around to face the couple.

"Right. First, I want an explanation of that Dora remark." Mrs Weasley said. She desperately wanted to sit down but knew she would lose some of her authority if she did.

"Simple. Dumbledore said I could go undercover at Hogwarts to guard Harry. I was with him all the time under the guise of Dora. That is how we were dating completely since summer." Tonks explained. "Guess he was good for something after all.

"I see." Mrs Weasley said. She turned to Harry. "Harry, dear, how do you feel about all of this?"

“Well, Mrs Weasley, I love Tonks, plain and simple.” Harry said. “If you meant what do I feel about everyone’s reactions... I’d have to say that they annoy me slightly. What? I’m not allowed a girlfriend now?”

“That’s not really why...” Mrs Weasley began.

“So what? The age difference then?” Harry interrupted. “It’s only a few years. You of all people should know, Mrs Weasley that love comes anywhere.” Mrs Weasley smiled slightly. “Look... Mrs Weasley, you know that I see you as the mother I’d wanted for all those years and,” Mrs Weasley smile became fuller at the word mother and tears began to collect unshed in her eyes “and it would mean so much to me to have your approval of this. Please, I love Tonks and she loves me. Can’t you see that?”

Mrs Weasley was silent for a moment, the tears still collecting in her eyes as she struggled between her sense of morals and her family. Eventually, she looked at the two of them, pulled close together.

“I can.” She said at last. “I can see that you two do love each other. And... I won’t get in your way. You have my approval.” Mrs Weasley sighed. “I need to go and sit down.” She left the room and was quickly replaced by Fred and George.

“Wow. I don’t know what you said, you two...” One of them started, possibly George.

“...But it must have been something to put mum in that state.” Finished the other, maybe Fred.

Harry and Tonks had gone through questioning from the twins and after that, Ginny. The twins had asked if their birthday present for him had anything to do with it at first but in a joking way. After that they had just talked about basic things that had been happening to all of them. Before they left, the Twins warned Harry and Tonks to watch out for Ginny. They had found out about what she had done during the term. While they could do nothing too nasty to her because she was there sister, they did encourage Harry and Tonks to come up with something good.

Ginny didn't take long. Just one question. "So is she your girlfriend too now?" She asked, her voice icy cold.

Tonks answered. "Actually, I already was." She said, changing to look like her Dora form. Long, straight, brown hair. "Hey there Ginny. How's it going?"

Ginny stood speechless for a second and then fainted. When she woke up, she was in her bed. Mrs Weasley was standing over her and it turned out that Tonks and Harry had left over twenty minutes ago.

"Do I have to be here?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because you love me and I said so."

"But I don't know anyone there."

"You'll recognise some people."

"No I won't."

"You will. Some are in the order."

"Everyone will stare at me."

"No they won't."

"Yes they will."

"Just stop moaning."

"I'm not moaning. I'm just putting forward my side of the argument."

“Moaning.”

“Am not.”

“Are too.

“Am not.”

“Are too one more time then you can ever say.”

“Damn.”

“Now let’s just go.” Tonks and Harry had been walking up a street in the middle of muggle London, heading towards a wizarding night club that was housing the Aurors’ annual Christmas party. Harry had been complaining for five minutes, trying to find excuses. He hated being around people he didn’t know for very long. He also hated dancing. A lot. He tried to dissuade Tonks one last Tonks.

“I don’t want to go. I can’t dance.” Harry said, pleadingly.

“You’ll be fine.” Tonks sighed. “I’ll give you a confidence boost spell before we go in if you really aren’t happy. The dancing should come naturally this time. The spell at Halloween was more of a permanent imprint. It’s just your self esteem that seems to be getting in your way. You’ll be fine”

“Still don’t see why I have to go.”

“You have to go because I promised my friend that you’d be there. She wants to meet you.” Before Harry could say anything, Tonks added “And she doesn’t know who you are yet. It’ll be a surprise.”

“Hmph.”

“That’s the spirit.” Tonks patted his back, smiling. “Here we are.”

“An out of order public toilet?” Harry said, staring at where Tonks was walking towards. “You Aurors sure know how to throw a party.”

“Oh shut up, Harry.” Tonks said, sighing slightly. “It’s a guise for the night club. Come on.” She dragged Harry towards the toilet door and tapped it three times with her wand. She then opened it and pulled Harry into a corridor with three doors on either side. She went to the middle one on the right and turned to face Harry. She pointed her wand at him and cast a confidence spell. “There.” She turned back to the door and went through it.

Harry followed Tonks into a room full of people. True, he did recognise a few but not that many. The room was swamped in flashing lights and loud music. He waited a little behind Tonks, but close enough to feel her comfort. The confidence spell didn’t seem to be working yet.

“Tonks!” A voice called from across the room.

“Tanya!” Tonks answered back as her best friend came into view.

“You’re late.” Tanya said playfully, hands on hips.

“You came blame Harry, here, for that.” Tonks said. Gesturing back at Harry. Tanya smiled. Harry gave her a small wave and smiled back.

“I like your hair.” Tanya said as she walked up and faced him. “My names Tanya. Tanya Wilcox.” She held out her hand.

Harry smiled. He had sleek white hair that hung out over his head and reached to about his neck. His eyes were ice blue to match. He shook Tanya’s hand. “Nice to meet you. My names Harry. Harry Potter.”

Tanya stood shell shocked. Tonks waved her hand in front Tanya’s face. She snapped out of it and stared at Harry for a second.

“You’re... You’re...”

“Yeah, I’ve been told I have that effect on people.” Harry said smiling.

“But you’re... I mean... You’re...” She turned to face Tonks. “Damn girl, you got lucky.” Harry blushed and Tonks looked pointedly at Tanya.

“Don’t start please. You’re making me look bad.” Tonks said, a little annoyed. “Let’s just go have some fun.”

Harry felt himself loosen up more as the confidence spell fully kicked in. He talked and laughed with the other Aurors at the party. At some point Tonks had dragged him on to the dance floor and all his previous inhibitions about dancing were gone. He realized that he could actually dance now. The two of them spent a good hour dancing before going back to sit down. They were joined by Tanya and Kingsly.

“So Harry,” Kingsly began. “What you been up to nowadays?”

“Well, sleeping mostly.” Tonks hit him on the arm. “I mean, paying attention in class and all that stuff.” Harry said with a chuckle.

“Sure.” Kingsly said laughing.

“Tonks can I talk to you for a second?” Tanya asked. “In private.”

“Sure.”

Tanya and Tonks moved over to a corner of the nightclub where no one else was. Tanya turned to face Tonks. “He’s a bit young isn’t he?”

“Oh don’t you start. Trust me. He may be younger age wise but he’s been through more than either of us. You shouldn’t treat him like a kid. He isn’t one. Hasn’t been for a long time.” Tonks said, looking down.

“Hey, don’t take it personal or anything. I was just saying, is all.”

“Come on, you’d go out with him, wouldn’t you?”

“True. True.” Tanya said looking over at the young man who was now laughing with Kingsly. “He is very likable.”

“And...?”

“And he’s hot.” Tanya said, defeated.

“Exactly.”

“He’s all yours. I know not to get in your way.” Tanya said. “Just let me be the maid of honour.” She joked. Tonks stammered for a bit before punching Tanya’s arm lightly and heading back to where Harry and Kingsly were.

“See? It wasn’t too bad now, was it?”

“I suppose.”

“Spoilsport.”

Harry was sitting with Tonks on his lap, in a chair in front of the fire. They had been sitting there for half an hour while the rest of the house moved around them.

“You think something’s up with Hermione?” Tonks asked.

“Hmm?”

“She’s seemed a bit distant lately, just the last few days.”

“I’ll talk to her about it.”

Later on Harry went up to the room where Hermione was staying.

“Hermione?”

“Oh, hi Harry. Listen, we need to talk.”

“Alright.” Harry said, sitting down. “What about.”

“Right. Let me finish before you say anything.” Hermione first said. “O.K. Well I’ve been doing a lot of thinking over the last couple of days and I realized that really, I’ve just been intruding on your relationship the last few months where I had no right.” Harry was about to argue. “I said let me finish, Harry.” He kept quiet. “I really don’t know why you even talked to me after I basically black mailed you, let alone actually accepted. And then after that you treated me so well and defended me. If it were anyone else they just would have told me to fuck off.” Harry stared bewildered at the sound of Hermione swearing. Hermione still continued.

“What I’m trying to say is that I’ve realized that I’m just being a burden on you and Tonks all the time. And I’ve decided that I’m just going to leave you two be. You won’t have to worry about me anymore.”

“So...” Harry started trying to make sense of what Hermione had said. “You’re braking up with us?”

Hermione laughed. “Yes. You could say that. As much as I enjoyed the last few months with you and Tonks, I suppose seeing the present that you brought her made me realize that you two are made for each other. I don’t want to get in your way. We’ll still be friends.” She added to reassure him.

“One last thing though. Why did you accept and treat me so well?”

“You’re my friend, ‘Mione. Of course I would treat you well, and as to why I accepted. I suppose a part of me was curious to see what it would be like. And seeing as Tonks put forward the idea first...” Harry thought for a second. “I suppose you’d have to ask her some time.”

Harry left Hermione’s room a little while after that and went down to sit with Tonks again.

“What happened?” She asked.

Harry turned to her and smiled.

“I do believe we’ve just been dumped.”

A/N: Hi. Me again. Sorry this took so long. I wasn't happy with some bits and maybe I'm still not. I did have it all written out, mostly.

But then my mates decided I was suicide watch case two. Seriously. So they apparently took it upon themselves to make sure I wouldn't kill myself. This meant that I wasn't allowed near sharp objects, liquids or wires unsupervised. It was funny at first but it pissed me off when they started to accompany me to the bathroom in case I tried to drown myself in the toilet. That was going too far.

Anyway. I'm rambling now.

Review and tell me what you think. Good? Bad? Hungry?

Till next time.

Who was case one?

Chapter 18 – Back Again

Harry boarded the Hogwarts express and found himself a compartment with Tonks. She was back in her Dora form. He placed his and Tonks' bag up on a rack and sat down before Tonks sat on his lap. Hermione came in right behind them along with Neville and Ginny. The latter of which treated Tonks to an icy glare for the whole train ride.

“Has anyone noticed that Dumbledore didn't visit Grimauld place once?” Harry asked after yet another uncomfortable game ‘How long can Ginny glare at Tonks for?’

“Yeah. Now that you mention it, he's held all of the order meetings in Hogwarts since the start of the school term.” Tonks said, lifting her head from where it was positioned, curled up on Harry's chest. “It's like he doesn't want to leave the castle for some reason.”

“Hmm...” Harry pondered upon what was going on with the old man.

Soon, the train pulled up to Hogsmeade station and everyone got out. After a welcome back feast. Everyone went up to their dormitories. Harry and Tonks sat on the sofa in front of the fire for a while, Cuddling in the warmth and kissing often. Eventually they had to go to bed.

“Itching powder?”

“No. Not imaginative enough.”

“Clothing dissolver?”

“Maybe. A bit too perverted. Definitely embarrassing.”

“How about... We give both Crabbe and Goyle love potions aimed at her while we give her one that's aimed at Binns?”

“The ghost?”

“Exactly.”

“Very good. Very good. Almost. It’s still missing something.”

Tonks and Harry had been planning how to get Ginny back for what she did when Hermione came over too them.

“What are you two up to now?”

“Nothing.” They quickly said together, Tonks hiding the notebook she had been writing the ideas in underneath her. Harry righted himself on the sofa. He had previously been upside down with his feet hanging over the top and his head dropping off the front. He patted the seat beside him as a signal that Hermione should sit down.

“Still no chance of taking us back?” Harry asked.

“It was more fun with you.” Tonks added, her eyes wide and glossy. A pushed out lower lip completed the puppy dog look.

“I’m sorry guys. It’s for your own good.” Hermione said. “But you can tell me what you’ve been doing.

He looked at Tonks and she nodded.

“Right. I guess you can be trusted. We are thinking up ideas on how to get back at Ginny. You want in?”

“Hmm.” Hermione thought it over. “I suppose she does deserve it. Let me see what you’ve got so far.” Tonks handed Hermione the list and watched with Harry while she read it. Hermione’s face changed from each idea to the next. From uncaring, to holding in laughter to downright disgusted.

“A lot of ideas. And quite a few not so pleasant ones.” Hermione said after putting the list down. “I’ll think about it for a while and let you know if I have any other ideas.”

“ ‘Kay Hermione. Thanks.” Tonks said. Hermione walked off out of the common room. Probably heading to the library. Tonks got off of her chair and moved over to where Harry was sitting. Harry lay backwards and pulled Tonks down on top of him. Tonks lowered her head down. She brushed her lips against his and then pulled back.

Harry looked at her questioningly.

“I’m not sure if you remember Harry, but I did say before that next time it was my turn to tickle you and now I’m going to fulfil that little promise. She brought at her wand and pointed it at Harry. Suddenly his arms and legs were bound with ropes.

“I didn’t know you were into this type of thing. You should have said something.” Joked Harry, smiling. Tonks smiled back and moved her hand down to below Harry’s ribs and poked him in the side. Harry let out a yelp and tried to move his body away. He was held still by the rope.

Tonks ran her finger gently across his stomach before poking lightly into his other side. She then moved down past his waist and tickled beneath his knees to get a response. Harry started laughing, unable to stop.

Tonks smiled. She let one arm move down and tickle his left foot while the other continued on his leg. After a minute or so, she moved up and tickled him under his arms.

“Stop it... stop...Come... come on... stop.” Harry started to beg. His body thrashing around. Tonks sighed and stood up. She pointed her wand at Harry again and the ropes disappeared.

“So much more rewarding than a tickling charm.” Tonks said, beaming and laughing slightly. Harry stood up.

“I am so gonna get you for that.” He said and took a step towards Tonks. She squealed out loud and ran away as fast as she could. Harry gave chase out of the common room.

Soon they had made it out of the castle without being caught and were running across the school grounds. Harry was able to catch up with Tonks eventually. He tackled her to the floor and she cried out as they tumbled across the ground. Harry ended up on top. He lifted his head off of Tonks chest and looked at her.

“Got you.”

Throughout the next few weeks, Dumbledore had made no effort to contact Harry and didn't seem to come out of his office either. Harry still kept his guard up in case the Headmaster tried something at any time. Hermione had come up with some more ideas that were added to the list of things to do to Ginny. The most spiteful of which included several blast ended screwts being attracted to Ginny's private parts.

Tonks and Harry had acted as normal around Ginny as they could in order to trick her into believing she was in the clear. That way it would be all the more satisfying when they unleashed their vengeance.

To top things off, Voldemort had been laying low since the incident in the department of mysteries. Whether gathering strength or just biding his time.

Of course. This small time of peace from all participants in Harry's life would soon be stopped as the beginning of February rolled into view.

On the 28th of January, Harry was sleeping in his bed. It wasn't a restful sleep at all. It obviously involved Voldemort for that matter. Though while in the folds of sleep, it may not have seemed so to him, Voldemort's intrusion was a large blessing for his life.

Voldemort was angry. He was always angry in these dreams. In this particular one, he was taking his anger out on Lucius Malfoy. Harry knew he was angry about something. It slowly cleared up until he completely understood.

Voldemort was angry at Hogwarts.

“You have failed me Lucius. You said you would find a way in and yet you have not.” This sentence was met with another burst of the Cruciatus.

“Tell me. What have you done?”

Lucius gasped for air before spluttering out “We have... the Headmaster.”

Harry woke with a start, He shot up in bed. The dream, already it was fading from his memory. But Lucius, he was there. He had said something.

The Headmaster!

Harry looked around, the area surrounding him was lit but he could only make out blurry images. He focused for a second and felt his eyes fix, if only for a short time. He looked around again and was surprised to see his bed surrounded by six men in blue cloaks and hoods as well as Professor Dumbledore who was standing directly opposite him. All seven of the men were chanting in sync. Dumbledore frowned when he saw Harry awake but carried on chanting. Harry got up and tried to get away but found that he couldn't move past a circle around his bed and he couldn't find his wand either.

So instead. He did the only over thing that came to mind when he was in trouble. He yelled for help. Twice. It appeared that all of the other Gryffindor boys had been more than just sleeping as they couldn't hear Harry's yelling.

The chanting got faster as Harry felt himself getting weaker. Suddenly, the sound of footsteps was heard and Tonks and Hermione came bursting into the room. They quickly took account of the situation and fired several stunners, taking out the men in cloaks. Dumbledore had seen the others fall and had quickly erected a shield to protect himself. It was met with a barrage of spell fire that was slowly getting more deadly. Dumbledore was unable to counter as he was using all he had to keep the shield up.

Eventually, Harry came back to his senses enough to join in and sent a powerful stupefy that broke Dumbledore's shield and sent him flying. Tonks, Hermione and Harry stood over the slumped figure of Dumbledore on the floor, his back propped slightly against the wall.

"If you ever. Ever. Do anything to Harry again, you will have me to answer to Dumbledore. And I will not be forgiving." Tonks said, her hair blood red and spiky.

Harry, Tonks and Hermione left the boys dorm and headed to the common room after Tonks had bound the men in cloaks and sent them to the Auror holding cells with a note explaining why they were there.

Both Hermione and Tonks comforted Harry on the sofa by the fire which only had a few embers left. They soon drifted off to sleep in each others arms.

The next day, Tonks and Hermione woke up on the couch. Their backs were aching from the awkward sleeping positions. Harry was nowhere to be seen.

Tonks had a hunch and found Harry training with his sword in the room of requirements. She slowly snuck around the edges of the room and sat down a seat she wanted. Watching, Tonks could see that Harry had improved greatly with his sword skill. He was currently battling a group of thirty Death Eaters. And he was winning.

Tonks looked on impressed as Harry dived around the battle, cutting at critical and fatal places to keep the Death Eaters in disarray. They were already slightly confused from the swords power but the speed Harry was moving at made it impossible to keep up properly.

Tonks was about to applaud as the last of the Death Eaters fell but before she could, a shadowy cloaked figure emerged from the ground. His features were barely visible but Tonks could see the red eyes and snake like nose.

Voldemort.

He and Harry moved around in a circle, measuring each other up. Harry drummed his fingers on the handle of his sword impatiently. He dove to the side as Voldemort launched a crucio at him. Harry leapt up and jumped just the side of Voldemort before turning around and sweeping his sword. It would have hit had Voldemort not moved and sent a blade of air shooting at where Harry was crouched. Harry jumped into the air and did a back flip over the spell and landed behind Voldemort again. He swiped his sword in a downward arch and managed to make a shallow cut in Voldemorts back. Voldemort turned around quickly and fired the killing curse which Harry blocked with the sword before diving forward, set to impale Voldemort on his sword. He dodged this attack and shot a cutting g curse which hit Harry in the back. He fell to the floor and was quickly approached by Voldemort who put his wand to his neck.

“Terminate Training Run.” Harry said. Voldemort and the Death Eater bodies disappeared while Harry slumped to the floor. Tonks quickly ran over to him. His back was bleeding badly.

“The spells were real?” She said, healing his back with a flick of her wand.

“All but the killing curse.” Harry said, smiling weakly.

“You stupid, stupid, man.” Tonks said, hugging him. “You could have died.”

“Only just.” Harry said, smiling despite the stinging sensation in his back. Tonks laughed a little and pulled him into a kiss.

They were broken up a few minutes later when Hermione came into the room.

“I thought I’d find you two here.” She said.

Both Harry and Tonks stood up, the arms around each other’s waists. Tonks looked at Harry who nodded.

“So...” She began. “Still no thought about having us back?”

Hermione smiled. “I’m sorry, but it seems too much of an intrusion on my part. You shouldn’t have to worry about it.” Then as an afterthought, she added. “If you really want me. It will have to be a proper relationship.”

Harry smiled and whispered in Tonks ear. She nodded and they both turned to Hermione.

“In which case...”

“Hermione Granger...”

“Would you do us two...”

“The honour of...”

“Accompanying us...”

“To dinner...”

“This Saturday...”

“On a date.”

Both Harry and Tonks had taken it in turns to speak parts of the sentence. Hermione couldn’t help but laugh.

“As long as you two never speak like the twins again.” Hermione said, still laughing slightly. “I’d love to.” She added before running over to the pair and giving them both a hug.

A/N: The ending of my story is approaching sooner than I thought. Very soon. Annoying and yet relieving. I’ve got the plot of the last four or five chapters planned out. There may even be an epilogue. Maybe.

Till Next Time

From the dregs of my mind.

Chapter 19 – The One With Almost Meaningless Filler Culminating Into Something Altogether More Serious In The Next Chapter.

Harry and Tonks had both waited down the stairs of the girls' dorm and waited for Hermione. Tonks had insisted that she bring flowers for Hermione as well despite Harry's insistence that it was the man's job to bring them.

Tonks' hair was pink again but slightly longer and Harry looked how he normally did but with slightly straighter hair (Tonks had spent a long time trying to make it completely straight before deciding it was too hard and probably looked better scruffy).

Eventually, Hermione came down the stairs. She had a pair of light blue jeans on and a bright pink sweater.

"You look beautiful, Hermione." Harry said.

"Yeah, you do." Added Tonks.

Hermione blushed. "Thanks. You too look wonderful." Harry and Tonks smiled before both handing Hermione their bundle of flowers each. She admired them for a short time before asking "Where are we going then?"

Both Tonks and Harry smiled again before saying in unison "It's a surprise."

Tonks and Harry had led Hermione through a passage to Hogsmeade before Tonks apparated the other two to a back alley in Muggle London. Then the three of them walked across the street and into a classy restaurant.

"Reservation under the name of Potter." Harry said to the man standing inside the door. The man looked at Harry with nothing short of disgust and showed them quickly to a table.

"Harry, this place is amazing" Hermione said, looking around the hotel in wonder.

Tonks nodded her agreement. "How did you find it?"

"I have my contacts." Harry said slyly.

Tonks burst out laughing. "Like who?"

"The yellow pages." Harry answered indignantly before he started laughing as well at around the same time Hermione did.

They settled down as a waiter came to take their order and talked a little bit before their food arrived.

"So..." Harry started. They were now standing at the bottom of the steps to the girls' dorms. "Do I get a kiss?"

"Sorry Harry." Hermione said, smiling. "I don't kiss boys on the first date."

"What about girls?" Tonks asked.

"Well... maybe just a quick one." Hermione said and started to kiss Tonks. It wasn't a quick one at all and when they had finished they both turned to see Harry pouting.

"Oh, come here you." Tonks said before both she and Hermione kissed him at the same time. "Feel better?"

"Quite."

A couple of days later, Tonks went to the room of requirements where Harry usually was nowadays. When she opened the door she could see Harry hanging upside down from the ceiling.

"And you would be up there, because?"

"Nargles." Was Harry's response

“What?”

“Well, you know the glasses Luna got me?”

“Yes.” Tonks said.

“I found them in my trunk today and tried them on. It turns out I have some following me.”

“Right.” Tonks said. “And you’re up there to...?”

“Keep them away. They affect my temperament and memory. If I stay here long enough then they might leave.” Harry explained.

“I see.” Tonks said. “And the pink walls are for...?”

“Nargles are attracted to pink. Lure them away from my slight pink skin with bright pink of the walls.” Harry said. “There is one on your shoulder now though.” He added.

Tonks resisted the urge to look at her shoulder. “Seriously Harry. Why not just take the glasses off?” Tonks suggested. “They don’t exist if you can’t see them as they have no other way of being known.”

“But I’d know that they were there.”

“Harry, if you don’t get down here right now, I’ll hit you so hard you’ll...”

“Is that a threat or a promise?” Harry interrupted, smiling. “You never did tell me if you were into that kind of thing or not.” Tonks stammered for a second. “Are you?” Harry asked.

“Well...” Tonks said, getting her confidence back. “Maybe I am. If you come down now then maybe I’ll let you decide for me.”

Harry thought for a moment before falling backwards and landing on his feet. "Maybe I will."

A few more days later, Harry and Tonks were sitting by the lake, propped up against a conveniently placed boulder.

"Harry?"

"Yes."

"I need to tell you something very important." Tonks said, looking at Harry, her face was completely serious.

"What is it?"

"Well. You know the potions that I've been taking to help with my co-ordination."

"Yes?"

"And you know how I said there might be side affects?"

"What's this leading to?"

"Well." Tonks said. "I think I've had a major side affect."

"What is it?" Harry asked, concerned.

"Well..." Tonks lifted up the bottom of her shirt to reveal an arm protruding from her stomach area. Harry let out a yelp of surprise and jumped into the air. He landed back with a laughing Tonks and no sign of the previous appendage anywhere.

"What the hell!?" He exclaimed.

"Great, isn't it?" Tonks managed to get out between laughs. "Just managed to perfect it yesterday. I can replicate any body part except

my head on any part of my body. Takes ages to get all the muscles right.”

Harry was staring at where the arm had originally been. “Can you teach me to do that?”

“Sure. It will take a long time. I’ve been trying to get it right for almost a year now. But now that I think about it, it might be easier with a teacher.”

“Especially one as talented and beautiful as you.”

“Thank you. Before we start with this new class, you must know that praising the teacher will get you lots of benefits at a later time.” Tonks said, laughing slightly. “So feel free to do it as much as possible.”

“I’ll have to remember that.”

“Yes. You will.” Tonks said, leaning in to kiss him.

A few hours later, Tonks and Harry had made it to the room of requirements. Tonks was instructing him on the technique of growing a new functioning body part.

“Are you sure this isn’t just some excuse to see me without a shirt?” Harry asked. Tonks had made him practise topless because the stomach was the best place to grow a body part from. It had more space and was fairly even.

“I’m sure.” Tonks answered. “Besides. If I asked then you’d take your shirt off anytime, wouldn’t you?”

“Indeed I would.”

“Anywhere?”

“If you would as well.”

Tonks laughed. "I'll have to remember that. Now back to training. First we will use the body part that you are most familiar with. One that you know the best."

"Are you sure?" Harry said, blushing. "I know the one I've paid the most attention to and I really don't think you need to see that appear in the middle of my stomach."

Tonks caught on to what he was hinting at and started laughing before smirking. "If it works then that might come in handy at a later date..." Harry blushed and started coughing in surprise. "...but for now we will just work on... maybe an arm?"

"Sure."

Several hours later and Harry hadn't managed to make any progress.

"O.K. We'll just try a finger now." Tonks said. "Just the shape. No need to imagine muscles or bones or anything. Just the shape. Doesn't matter if it doesn't work, we just need the shape."

"It's hopeless." Harry sat down defeated. "It just feels odd. I know there isn't supposed to be something there so it stops me from picturing it properly."

"Harry. It's not hopeless. It took me almost a year to do this, remember. You can't expect to just pick it up in a matter of hours." She sighed. "We'll call it a day for now and come back here and try again another time. Besides. It's almost time for dinner and I want to see if they're serving jelly again."

"Damn." Tonks had muttered when the desserts appeared. "All of the jelly is on the Slytherin table."

"Don't worry; there are lots of other desserts." Harry said. "And if you really want jelly why not go and get it?"

"Can't you do it?" Tonks said quietly, pushing out her bottom lip and making her eyes as wide as possible."

“Why can’t you?”

“I don’t want to.”

“Why?” Tonks mumbled something incoherent. “I couldn’t quite hear that.” Harry said, smiling at Tonks’ actions.

“I said I’d be too embarrassed.” Tonks said quickly. Harry sat staring at her for a few seconds.

“Embarrassed?”

“Yes.” Tonks said, blushing and taking great interest in her shoes. “Can you please get it for me?”

“Well...” Harry said, tapping his chin in a mock pondering way. “You’ll have to tell me why later. And maybe do something else that I haven’t fully decided yet.”

“Am I going to like where this is going?” Tonks said, no longer looking at her feet.

“Depends...”

“Depends?”

“Yes. Now then, do you agree?”

“Fine, just don’t make me go over there.” Harry sighed and flicked his wand slightly. A bowl of jelly flew over from the Slytherin table and landed in front of Tonks, making sure to tip a substantial amount into Ron’s hair.

Tonks looked at it and then at Harry. “I hate you.”

“I know.” Harry said, chucking slightly and giving her a kiss.

A/N: And that's all I have.

This time anyway.

I don't like to claim to have done stuff in case I really haven't so I won't say much about the chapter. I just wanted to put a few minor fluff scenes in the story and the next chapter.

Till Next time.

I suppose it was just filler.

Chapter 20 – IMPORTANT NOTE: ABANDONED

Harry was sitting at the cool white marble desk, looking through an old greyish looking book. Of course the desk could well have been made of wood and the book could be bright pink and perfectly knew if he truly wanted. But that just wouldn't fit in with the ambience he had taken many hours to create.

Hermione was sitting on the black marble floor, several books around her. She seemed to be reading all of them at once, if that was possible.

“Found anything interesting?” Harry said, looking up from his book.

“Lots.” Was Hermione's reply. “Can you really just recall all of these books fully on a whim?”

“Well. It takes longer if I'm out of my mindscape.”

“Oh. I'll try it with mine when it's finished.” Hermione said before asking. “Found what you're looking for?”

“Almost. The last bit is still fuzzy. Normally I remember all of it. But it's like; something is blocking that last bit of the dream. I know that Lucius said something. I can't for the life of me remember what.” Inside the old grey book, the images of Harry's last Voldemort dream were playing themselves through in sections. Over and over. Each time with a little more detail or sound.

Hermione had gotten several more books out and finished them by the time Harry finally made another sound other than sighs.

“What the hell!?” He yelled. The book fell off the desk and disappeared moments before it hit the floor. Reappearing in a space near the top of a book case.

“What is it?” Hermione asked, dropping her own books on the slight confusion.

“I’ve got to get Tonks.” Harry said. Hermione felt herself crumple to the floor in the room of requirements once more and was quickly picked up by Harry before seeing him rush out of the room. She did her best to catch up and was out of breath by the time she got back to the common room. She could see him at the bottom of the stairs. He wasn’t as out of breath but he was shouting himself hoarse.

“Tonks!” He shouted over and over. Subtlety be damned, this was serious Hermione realized. “Tonks!” He spotted Hermione coming up to him. “Hermione, go get Tonks.” After that, he rushed up the stairs to the boy’s dorm. He came back a minute later with the marauders map in hand. He was looking through it frantically. He sank to his knees as Hermione came down the stairs, alone.

“She’s not here?” He asked it more to himself.

“There was just this on her bed.” Hermione handed Harry a letter. He took the letter and read it.

Harry

Please don’t hate me. I had to do this. I just couldn’t go on.

Please. Don’t try and find me.

I need to be alone.

I’ll probably never see you again.

It’ll be for the best.

Nymphadora Tonks

Harry fell to the floor, suspending himself on loose arms, the letter pushed under numb hands. Tears threatening to break free and find a new home on the floor.

He stayed there, hunched over the floor for what seemed like forever. Hermione slowly dragged him to sit on a sofa while she read the note. Harry had dropped.

Harry just sat looking dumbly at his hands and feet.

She had left him?

No. She couldn't. No.

Harry's hands balled into fists. The bracelet around his wrist. He could see it. It was glowing. He stood up, anger brimming in his eyes.

"She couldn't." He closed his eyes and was gone in a flash of light. Hermione sat stunned, staring at where Harry had been just moments before. He was gone? How?

Harry appeared again in a small flat in east London.

Tonks' flat.

Harry looked around briefly. No struggle. No fight. Nothing.

Not even the sign of rushed packing.

Or even the signs of life.

She hadn't been here.

No one had.

A small flash of light and he was gone again.

In the Headmaster's office, Professor Dumbledore was sitting quite peacefully in the midst of perceived chaos. Several charms, sensors and other pieces of metal were flashing and letting out different puffs of smoke, resulting in what could simply be described as the perfect setting for a Saturday night disco.

These sensors included charms for the Hogwarts wards, Several people's whereabouts, and the use of magic of one Harry J. Potter. But mostly they were just scraps of metal fitted with glow sticks and dry ice in order to give the effect of importance. It set the mood quite nicely.

Dumbledore was quite peaceful because in about twelve seconds, he would be expecting company. Or maybe it was thirteen.

As it turns out, Fourteen seconds later, he heard the gargoyle slide aside, sounding rather annoyed, followed by the stomping of rushed feet up the stairs, culminating in the door to his office being rather unceremoniously ripped from its hinges and launched at an alarming rate at his person. He flicked it aside and welcomed this new entree with a calming smile.

It was ignored as he was met with a barrage of rather lethal looking spell fire from one Mr. Potter as he ran out from the smoke. Dumbledore blocked and dodged all of the spells and decided that subduing his assaulter would be the best form of action.

The battle that ensued can be described thusly.

Short.

Dumbledore disarmed the enraged Harry and then sent him flying into the air where he remained suspended upside down, his arms bound in place along with a murderous glare.

"Harry, My boy." Dumbledore said, sitting down against his slightly battered desk. The smoke from his oddities had been cleared and he could look at Harry quite well. "You have been giving us some trouble. We had hoped that you would be easy to control. Especially after all the things this old coot put you through. But then of course you had to join that horrid shifter woman.

"But moving on, of course, is the reason that you have come here. Some retribution I suspect?" Dumbledore looked pointedly at Harry

for a moment before continuing. "Yes. It would be something like that."

Harry was only half listening to what the Headmaster was saying when he realized that he could move his hand again. With a little flick of his finger, his wand shot out from under a desk in the corner. Harry used the first spell to come to mind.

"Leglimens."

Harry felt himself get thrust forward at an impossible speed towards Dumbledore's head. All of a sudden he was surrounded by blackness. A small light fell on him and illuminated two path ways. He could here soft chanting all around him and yet from a far off place.

Along one path way was multiple large axes swinging on pendulums and grazing the supposed floor. The other seemed to be empty at first glance but Harry could see the air moving. It obviously just had invisible axes instead of some sort.

"Well. Harry. A little glimpse you got. But nothing more. Not enough power really." Dumbledore's voice rang out in an uncharacteristically snide remark. Harry was forced by a bludgeoning force back onto the floor in Dumbledore's office where the headmaster was standing over him.

"Not good enough, Harry, my boy."

Harry let out a yell and drew Mjyrn from its scabbard around his back. He pointed it at Dumbledore and dove towards him from the ground as he yelled once again.

"Leglimens!"

This time, Harry landed in a different place than before. It was a perfect white background.

"How'd I get here?"

“I believe that the correct term is Leglimency, Mr. Potter.” Harry turned around with a snarl and drew his sword on the form of Dumbledore. “Now, Harry, I assure you that there is no need for that. Now that you are here I would like to explain some important factors that have ended in our current state.”

“And I trust you, because?”

“You know me to be telling the truth. I have no intentions or means of harming you, Harry.” Dumbledore said, showing his empty sleeves for good measure. “As it is. You seem to have rescued me.”

Harry was at a loss now. “Rescued you, Sir?” What happened to the Dumbledore that had him hanging upside down with his arms bound?

“Indeed. You see Harry; there have been many forms of magic in the world. Some have died out due to lack of resources where as others have simply been overlooked. One particular type of magic was overlooked in the making of the Hogwarts wards, I’m afraid to say.”

“I don’t understand where this is going, sir.”

“This type of magic does indeed outdate the founders and was long thought lost. It would seem however that Voldemort and his forces have found at least a part of this magic and have used it to their ends.

“And...” Harry pushed him on.

“To make a long story short, if you would put it that way. Using seven powerful wizards with a natural affinity with this form of magic, arranged in a certain way, and chanting non-stop, I have been imprisoned into a blank spot of my mind while the lead wizard of the ritual controls my body’s actions and choices. They also have access to some of my more recent and unguarded memories. Your powers for instance. Quite subtle and well done, I must say. I’ve been under their control since the first day of term in fact.”

“How exactly did I rescue you then sir?” Harry asked. “Aren’t I just trapped in here as well, now?”

“You have destroyed the defences and through that the hold they had on my mind. Alas, it would seem that you used exactly the right amount of power to do so, but yet, too much.”

“Too much?”

“Indeed. Behind you, you will see a rather large hole. Now, the force you used was indeed just enough to break the hold but due to the apparent strength of the magic used to control me, it was also enough to cause a total cerebral shutdown. In short I will have about five minutes until for all intentions of the word, I shall become irreparably brain-dead.”

“Oh.” Harry said, intelligently.

“Yes. Oh indeed.” Dumbledore said, looking quite sad. “But do not worry about me. My time was near anyway. I have many people waiting for me to start the next adventure with. It shall be good to see them all again.”

“Headmaster, I need to find Tonks.”

“I’m afraid that I do not know where she is Harry. But I have been a little aware of the proceedings of my controlled self. I am sure you will know where she is if you truly look. And all I can say at this point is to try and be merciful.” Harry gave him a confused look but Dumbledore carried on.

“It is indeed a shame that I shall not get to see you grow into the fine man I had hoped you would become. But I can see that you’re already the most way there.” Dumbledore sighed. “With not much time left, there is but one thing left to talk to you about.”

“What’s that sir?”

“Well, Harry, I’m sure you remember in Sirius’ will reading, he told me tell you about something. Now, while that was about the prophecy, which I had told you of but he could not have known.

“However, saying this, made me realize that indeed I have kept a good many things from you. Things I had originally thought best to keep from you. I can see now that I was wrong.”

“Keep from me?”

“Yes. Things that might have caused you to hate me and the in turn the rest of the wizarding world for.”

“Things?”

“Indeed. Most of which make me, besides Voldemort of course, one of the most responsible people for your parents death.”

“What?” Harry was too stunned at this revelation to be angry at it.

Dumbledore saw this and pressed on to explain himself. “I don’t have much time. I will tell you the things I have done and give a little explanation with them.

“First. I suppose it started with me being the one who prompted Mr. Pettigrew to become a Death Eater in the first place. I had seen him as a way to get inside. I thought he would remain loyal.”

Harry remained impassive through Dumbledore’s speaking, just staring at a blank space miles away in the distance of the pure white surroundings.

“It would seem, of course I was wrong. I should have seen that he had gone over to Tom’s side but I insisted on seeing the best in him that wasn’t truly there.” Dumbledore sighed. He was so very tired of it all. “And because of my inability to see that Peter had strayed from the light, I put the idea into Sirius’ mind to make him the secret keeper.

“It’s all my fault,” Dumbledore sighed, completely defeated. “All my fault.”

Harry sat looking still at the blank scenery around him. It was a lot to take in. Sure he had made some dumb mistakes, Sirius being the main one. With Dumbledore, it seemed different. Harry had known that Sirius’ death was his fault until he had met Tonks that summer. He had truly hated himself for it. But he couldn’t hate Dumbledore for what he’d done.

He did try. A lot. But it didn’t work. His hate was squarely at Voldemort at that point.

Then Harry finally moved. And did something he was not expecting to do when he first ‘scheduled’ his trip into Dumbledore’s office.

He moved over to the now softly crying, hunched over, form of his Headmaster and pulled him into a hug.

Dumbledore righted himself after Harry pulled away. “Now Harry. You must go. I’m afraid that this will not be easy for you to do. Not on the physical side of course. I am more than aware that you are capable.

“We have only a few seconds. The edges are fast dimming and receding. This space will be gone and I do not wish for you to be trapped.” Harry looked around. The edges were darkening and the dark was spreading across the white towards them on all sides.

“You must go now” Dumbledore said simply. Harry was pulled backwards by an unseen force and found himself sprawled out across the floor of the headmasters office.

The headmaster himself was fighting back a world of pain as he smiled faintly at Harry and said “Horcruxes” before his face fell blank and he slumped into a pile on the marble flooring.

Harry got up. ‘Horcruxes? I’ll store that for later. Now though. Nym.’ Harry concentrated on getting to Tonks, hoping to disappear in a brilliant flash again. He didn’t. ‘Come on’.

His desperation began to grow before he finally disappeared again and found himself...

A/N: Cliff-hanger, don't you know.

Also I don't quite know where to place this next chapter. I can't ask you without giving too much away. There will be fighting.

Till next time.

Anyways

Chapter 21 – Where To Put It?

The Dursleys?

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Tonks was inside a dimly lit room. She was lying on a cold stone tablet. Her clothes had been completely stripped of and the stone beneath her seemed to bite into her skin as time wore on. She had no idea how long she had been here but so far she had not been visited once.

She had tried using her Metamorphagus powers but something was blocking them and she was stuck in the form of Dora.

Sighing and trying to move even the slightest to a more comfortable position. Tonks decided to check out her surroundings. It was rather drab in here. Whoever had created it was obviously going for a torture room look. In the dim flickering candle light, she could see spikes on the walls and ceilings and shackles on the floor as well as the ceiling.

The candle light was waning now. The chill on her back was numbing when, finally, the door opened. She wasn't expecting to see who she did.

"Well, well. If it isn't little Tonks. I mean... Dora."

"Ron?" Tonks stared in disbelief. "Ron, you little prick, what the hell are you doing here? Let me out of here right now."

"I'm afraid I can't do that right now Dora." The smile on Ron's face was anything but reassuring. "You see, Harry has a very important lesson to learn about stealing other people's belongings." He took a step towards Tonks.

"You're insane. Fucking insane." Tonks writhed in her shackles in a desperate attempt to break free. "When Harry gets here, you are so dead. Now let me out."

Ron just carried on smiling evilly and brought out his wand. He whispered to it slightly and it glowed a menacing blood red. He brought it into contact with Tonks' skin, just above her waist, at the side, and slowly slid it upwards towards her arm pit, stopping just below her breasts. The wand left a shallow cut where it touched. No blood came from the cut but it stung painfully, like someone had pressed a red hot poker along the wound.

Tonks grimaced slightly before returning to a blank featureless face. She wouldn't give him any satisfaction.

"Let me go, you bastard! Harry's going to kill you when he gets here!"

Ron ignored her, seemingly talking to himself. "You see, the problem most dark wizards have. They only use Crucio to torture people." Tonks grimaced as the curse hit her. "If you keep using Crucio though, it gets a bit repetitive. I mean Crucio after Crucio. Just isn't fun. I prefer to spice things up a bit."

Tonks face was blank again though the look in her eyes was filled with hatred.

"How about I use..." Ron mused, tapping his chin, "... Abra Ferita."

Tonks gasped as pain erupted on multiple parts of her body.

"The thing I love about this spell, it causes any previous damage to the body to happen again." Ron said smiling at the face of Tonks, twisted up in pain. "Cuts, bruises, broken bones. You name it."

Tonks let out a small whimper as her arm broke in seven places along with several broken ribs, many cuts and deep gashes and a third of her body made extra sensitive by bruises.

"The problem with this spell, though, is that it wears off after a minute or so. Annoying." Ron continued. "But oh well. We will continue when everything is back to normal."

Ron stood with a blank yet evil expression on his face while Tonks slowly and painfully healed back up again.

“Now to the next part of Potter’s lesson. Quite simple this part. Harry took away Hermione from me. I am going to take you from him. Or at least, a certain part of you...”

Ron took a step towards her and a look of pure horror grew on Tonks face as what he had implied dawned on her.

“Don’t you dare.” Tonks screamed. “Get the fuck away from me.”

Ron just grinned with a maniacal glint in his eyes and reached downwards...

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“O.K. so I’m at the Dursleys.” Harry said to himself, exasperated. “Confusing.” This was definitely privet drive, alright. The same one that had caused the worst memories of his life. “Well I might as well look around.” Harry walked cautiously to the front door of 4 Privet Drive and opened it, his wand held firmly out in front of him.

The hallway was clear. He took a few steps forward and swung to the left. Living room, clear. He carried down the hall way to the kitchen. Inside was just the Dursleys. Sitting down for dinner. Alright. Kitchen, cle...

Wait.

If this was truly dinner then Dudley’s hands would be moving extremely fast and he would be finished by now.

But he wasn’t moving.

None of them were. Harry took a few cautious steps towards them, his eyes sweeping the room for anything that could be considered a threat. He tapped Vernon Dursley on the shoulder and flinched back.

Nothing happened. He waved his hand in front of Aunt Petunia's face. Nothing.

They were frozen.

'I'll deal with them later.' He thought as he rounded on the stairs. 'Something is definitely wrong here.' He crept slowly up the stairs, missing the third, creaky, step. His wand was scanning over all possible areas where an enemy could be.

Getting to the top, he made a quick sweep of the landing before checking off the rooms one by one.

Main bedroom. Clear.

Bathroom. Clear.

Dudley's room. Clear.

Harry heart thudded in his chest. His room.

Of course it was. What better room to be in.

'Well. Here goes.'

Harry kicked the door and it offered the slightest resistance before splintering and crashing open. Thin, wispy light shed in from the door, casting a faded shadow on the floor. Harry scanned the room. Quickly before freezing on the form of Ron standing over Tonks. Getting closer...

A reducto curse flew over Ron's head, alerting him to another presence. He turned to face this new assailant. His face dropped into fear for an instant before being pulled back to a sneer.

"You're dead, Ron." Harry said coldly. He held his wand up and sent a barrage of reductos and bludgeoning curses.

Ron threw up a shield and dove to the side as it was broken down. He hid behind a stone tablet on the floor and shot several curses over the top and around it. Harry pulled up a slab of rock from the floor which was slowly blown to pieces by constant spells being hurled his way.

Counting slowly in his head, Harry dived to the right when he got to five and followed with a roll back to the left, all the time sending volley's of spells to keep Ron's head down.

Ron shot several more blind fire spells before risking his head by peering over the top of his cover during a brief ceasefire. He brought it quickly down again as a dark blue spell came straight at him.

Harry pulled up another stone wall and covered behind it. His heart was thumping.

"Why'd you do it, Ron?" Harry yelled, shooting a bludgeoning curse over his shoulder at Ron's possible position.

"I wanted Hermione." Ron shot a spell back

"Oh? And this is going to make her come running to you, is it?" Two reductos destroyed part of Ron's cover, exposing his left shoulder.

Ron huddled down further behind his cover before answering. "No. Dumbledore. He said I could have her. Said it would be alright. I just had to get rid of Tonks."

"And you thought Hermione would be O.K. with that?" Harry asked, getting angry.

"I... She would have to. She would..."

"You were taking orders from bloody Death Eaters, Ron! You kidnapped the woman I love." Harry shouted. "She wouldn't want anything to do with you, if you were that lucky."

"No. Dumbledore..."

“Was being controlled by Death Eaters.” Harry interrupted. “And now he’s dead.” Harry leapt out from his cover at the same time Ron did. Ron didn't manage to get any spells off while Harry let loose a string of spells, varying in colour and effect. Ron did manage to put up a shield which stopped half of the spells. He dodged against almost all of the other half. Two though, hit him. One, a crushing hex, hit him in the leg, braking it. The other, a cutting curse, hit his chest which caved in on itself as he landed with a thud. While he was still able to speak, Ron shot a cutting curse at Harry.

The small exchange of spells left Harry with his little and ring fingers missing from his left hand. He glanced over to see Ron on the floor. His chest was bleeding profusely from a large gash in his chest.

Harry pulled himself from the floor and walked cautiously over to him. He looked down to inspect the damage.

Blood. Lots of blood.

“O.K. you might be fine. If I can stop the bleeding.” Harry said to Ron. “I don’t know any healing spells so you’ll have to do with a good old fashioned bandage till I can get you to a proper healer.”

Ron made a gurgling sound that could have meant ‘why?’

“I may hate you for what you did and how you’ve been acting. You were my friend once. I don’t really want you to die. I think you’ve suffered enough. Even if you are an arse.”

Ron rested his head back and winced a few times as Harry kept pressure on the wound and wrapped his chest tight with bandages.

"That's the best I got. I'll get some medical attention after I deal with Tonks." Harry turned around and began to walk away, towards Tonks. Suddenly he turned again and with a yell, he sent a bludgeoning curse at Ron. Ron only had a moment to change his look from hate to fear in his position with his wand aiming at Harry's back before the curse hit. It hit the ground beneath him as well as his side and

heaved him upwards and back. He was impaled on one of the spikes on the wall.

Harry sighed, dissatisfied that Ron couldn't change and angry at him at the same time. He remembered why he came here in the first place. He ran over to the stone slab that Tonks was lying on and undid the chains.

As soon as he was done, Tonks curled up into a ball and started sobbing quietly.

"Nym?" Harry probed softly, nudging her shoulder. "Nym?"

Tonks latched on to Harry and buried her head into his shoulder and neck.

"He was going to..." Tonks started in Horror at what had nearly happened.

"I know."

"But I would have..."

"I know." Harry interrupted again.

"I was so scared."

"It's alright." Harry comforted her. "I'm here now and he's gone. I promise this will never happen again. Tonks sat on Harry's lap for another ten or twenty minutes, trying to overcome her previous feelings of horror and helplessness.

Eventually, Harry looked over at the slab with the chains on and nudged Tonks. "I thought you didn't like this stuff?" Harry asked, trying to lighten the mood.

Tonks laughed slightly into his neck and looked up at him. "Thank you."

“For what?”

“For coming.” Tonks whispered.

“You knew I would.” Harry chuckled slightly. “In truth, you couldn’t keep me away from you if you tried.” Tonks laughed a little bit as well. “We need to get you some clothes before we go anywhere. And your wand. Any ideas?”

A/N: End of this chapter.

I think it’s just an epilogue type thing to go now so...

Yeah.

It’ll be finished then (thank god).

Till next time.

Keep watching the skies.

Chapter 22 - More?

Harry apparated with Tonks to the outskirts of the Hogwarts grounds. He couldn't concentrate enough to do his flashy light type of apparating or even give it a good name. Tonks wounds weren't too bad now. The wounds opened by the abra ferita curse were gone. Other wounds caused by Ron or anyone else seemed to have closed as well with no trace. The only thing left was a deep red scar that ran up the side of her body. It itched a lot and was sensitive to touch but apart from that, was fine. Harry's injuries had all healed up apart from his fingers. Harry figured it was too much for the Swords power to replace them.

As they approached Hogwarts, Harry could tell something was wrong. Tonks was too dazed to see it properly but could tell from how Harry tensed that he had seen something bad. Harry lay her down on the grass between some rocks, out of the way and she shifted in reflex to a comfortable position while giving him a quizzical look. Harry just put a finger to his lips before leaning down and placing a loving kiss on her forehead. He smiled at her almost apologetically and pulled his wand, casting a silent sleeping charm on her. He called his invisibility cloak with the Accio spell. If anyone had looked up, they would be hard pressed to see a silver slither flying fast across a clouded sky. He bent down and covered Tonks up with it. He sighed before setting off to the castle, not looking back once.

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This was nice. Very peaceful. Nobody was trying to kill her or hurt her or... worse. Very peaceful. She felt so... What? What was that feeling of... something? She looked around. Nice place. Lots of soft grass and flowers and animals that she had only really read of and only when in a dream...

Wait! This couldn't be, could it? What had happened? Harry. Harry was with her. Holding her close. She was safe with him. Just like she felt so safe here. It felt the same here as she did when he held her. So safe. But why was she here. She was supposed to be with Harry. Maybe she was. No. She'd be able to see him, surely. Then why did she feel so safe?

What had happened? She was with Harry, she got that far. He had laid her down. Kissed her head fondly, safe. Then he had smiled. Such a lovely smile. Reassuring, almost apologetic. Safe. Then he had pulled his wand. And he had... he had... What had he done? Something. And now she was here. What was this place again? It couldn't be a dream. No. Could it? Maybe it was. Then that would mean...

"Damn you Harry." She yelled out. The yell seemed out of place in this quiet area. "I could have helped." She pouted and sat down on a chair. Was there a chair before? No. Of course not. This was a dream after all. "I could have." She wasn't really angry. She knew why he had done. She just wished he hadn't.

She looked around again. If this is a dream then I can just wake up. Right? With that logic, she concentrated on waking up. She didn't.

"Why is this so hard?" She asked no one in particular. After all, she normally had no trouble whatsoever waking up at any time in a dream. Sometimes when she didn't want to. Like the one she had last week with Harry in it, underneath her and panting as he...

'If this was my dream, then I would be able to wake up. So it isn't mine. Is it Harry's? He put me here. Maybe I'm here for a reason. Let's see...' Tonks thought while looking around. 'Lotsa' grass. Lotsa' flowers. I see. And... Big grey clouds in the distance. That's where I'll head. Might be some action.

^v^v^v^

Up close, Hogwarts was damaged. Badly. Scorch marks covered the brick walls. Windows were shattered with smoke pouring out of most of them. Closer up, the large doors at the main entrance had been completely blown from their hinges. Other than the crackle of fire and the hiss of smoke, there was no noise. It didn't bode well. There were some Death Eaters outside the school doors. They hadn't seen Harry yet so he went around to the side of the castle, finding a hidden entrance he could use to get in.

He came out behind a statue on the second floor. The great hall was the most likely place for Voldemort to go, if he had hostages or not. The great hall was in no less mess than the rest of the castle. The difference was that, unlike the corridors, it was packed. A ring of Death Eaters surrounded the student population of Hogwarts. All the teachers were there as well. It would seem that Voldemort did not want anyone dead. Whether that would help was yet to be seen.

Harry bit his lip and shook a little. It was now or never. This is what he trained for. All this time. What he lived for, really. He bit down on his tongue and was about to go out when Voldemort started to speak. "Bring me Potter and I will let you go. I demand that you tell me where he is!" No one spoke. "Where is he?" Voldemort yelled out, levelling his wand on a random third year.

"I'm right here." Voldemort turned with a cruel smile as Harry walked through the door. Over fifty wands from the Death Eaters were aimed at him. Harry tried to look carefree. In his eyes, he failed miserably.

"Potter." Voldemort near hissed, he drew it out, almost like a question.

"It's just you and me." Harry said, trying to keep his cool. "Let the others go."

"I shall." Voldemort smiled, "Or rather, my men shall, if... you can beat me in a duel." Harry fingered his wand. "No, no. There will be none of that. Our wands don't work on each other, remember?" Harry just stared at him. "I shall let you pick another form of combat for us. Out of the... kindness... of my heart." A few of the Death Eaters chuckled at the joke. Harry thought it was rather bland. Or he would have if he hadn't been close to shitting himself in fear. He stood for a moment as a look of near confusion crossed his face. He started to look around him for something though only he knew what. He seemed to calm and then nodded. He paused for a few seconds and then drew in a deep breath and pulled Mjyrn from its sheath behind his back. The Death Eaters around him seemed agitated, unorganized now where before they had worked together. Voldemort

seemed unaffected. "Very well, Harry. A duel of swords it shall be." Voldemort clapped his hands and a blade sprung between them. Its centre was a dark purple fading into a black at the edges. It seemed to be made of energy.

Voldemort looked at it fondly. "A nice note. A lesson if you will, before you die. This blade is quite remarkable. It represents my life energy in a way. Is powered by it. As long as I live, this blade will exist and I shall use it to end your life, Harry. A lovely concept, no."

Harry said nothing and slipped into an offensive stance. He didn't know much about Voldemort's 'life blade' thing. He decided to take him down as fast as possible. Voldemort stood straight and held his blade in one hand, pointing it at Harry before slicing it sideways and saying...

"Begin!"

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This was interesting. Some people were here. They didn't notice her. This was a dream. Things like that happened here. So, without anyone being able to see her, she walked towards the front of the crowd where all the attention seemed to be. It was warmer here but with an edge. It felt safe but violent. Something was happening. Two people in front of the crowd were talking. Tonks walked in between them and looked at both. A pair of glowing red eyes gazed through her as the face on her right spoke though she couldn't hear what they were saying. She turned her head left and saw...

"Harry?" Harry looked around. "This is odd." Tonks said. "Can you hear me?" Harry nodded. "Hmm. Strange. That'll save for later so for now, Good luck with this Harry. If it is real. And use your sword. I didn't get to see you use it on Ron." Harry nodded and pulled out Mjyrn. Tonks sat down just ahead of the crowd as Voldemort started talking and summoned a large vorpal purple sword.

Tonks watched as Voldemort carried talking and saw Harry slip into an offensive stance. Voldemort started the duel.

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Harry dived forwards as soon as the word left Voldemorts mouth. He had been a little spooked when he heard Nym's voice but it helped to calm him. He wouldn't let Voldemort wing this one. He held his sword straight, aiming just to the right of him. Voldemort stepped to the left to avoid it, as Harry had planned. He redirected his attack and swept his sword from left to right across Voldemort who jumped back slightly and struck out with his sword. The blow was blocked and met with a jab before Harry pulled back for a second, giving Voldemort the slightest breath, before diving back again. This time, Harry dove past Voldemort this time and pushed his hand back quickly, connecting the handle of his sword with the back of Voldemort's head. Voldemort took a step forward dazed before spinning around and then rolling to the side, narrowly avoiding the follow up swipe from Harry.

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Tonks stood watching. She tried her best not to shout out. She didn't want to break Harry's concentration. So far it was working because Voldemort had been almost completely on the defensive. But now she could see him changing his stance.

From his crouched position on the floor, Voldemort leapt up and swung at Harry's neck, Harry dived back and parried Voldemort's blade away with his sword. Voldemort continued on with a flurry of blows towards Harry's chest and head. Harry had trouble blocking them all and was eventually caught off balance and fell to the floor. His head connected with the floor with a crack.

Tonks' scream brought him out of his dazed form and he rolled a couple of times to the side to avoid several jabs at him from Voldemort's elevated position. Voldemort raised his blade above his head, ready to strike and Harry took the chance to sweep his legs out and regain his own footing. Voldemort recovered in a second and advanced on Harry again. But this time Harry was ready.

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He had originally been put off by Tonks voice in his head but now he was thankful for it. Her yell, wherever it came from had knocked a bit of sense back into him after he hit his head. He had just enough time to move from Voldemort's attack and countered, righting himself. Harry let out a breath and blinked. He was ready for Voldemort's attacks this time. Voldemort launched himself again at Harry, aiming to knock him from his feat once more. Harry blocked all of his attacks with calculated ease. Harry slid to the side and changed his stance, switching quickly to the offensive once more.

The fight went back and forth for another few minutes. Each time someone would gain the upper hand, the other would regain their footing. Harry was starting to wear down and though he couldn't see it, so was Voldemort. Harry had been planning a way to finish the fight all the way through but it might not work. As the fight wore on, Harry took the chance. He clashed his sword with Voldemort's again and threw him off balance. He used the time to prepare. He took a deep breath and stood with his stomach tensed and his arms held out to the side, bearing his chest, undefended. Voldemort looked confused for a moment before leaping forwards and plunging his blade into Harry's chest all the way to the hilt. The blade tip tore through to the other side and protruded from Harry's back.

Tonks screamed in his head and Voldemort let out a cry of triumph that hollowed out and collapsed as Harry lifted his head from his chest, smirking. Harry hissed out at Voldemort. "Powered by your life force." He said, in parseltongue. Voldemort looked confused again before the realization hit him. Harry tensed his stomach and chest fully and brought his sword up. Holding the handle and pushing down against it, Harry thrust Mjyrn into Voldemort's chest, pushing it up, carving in to his ribs and lung, heading towards his heart.

Voldemort let out a cry as the sword pierced his skin and a stream of gurgling noises as blood pooled in his lung, his blade receding in length all the time. His face fell blank as the blade disappeared from view and he slumped onto the floor. Harry winced as the magic of the sword battled against the dark magic in his chest left by the blade. Though now the blade was gone, the sword's magic was winning. The Death Eaters were still shocked at the fall of their lord. Many turned and ran before they were caught. Some stayed and fell to the floor,

seemingly unable to go on. Three though, advanced on Harry, possibly seeking vengeance or maybe seeking to destroy a weakened threat and take up the dark lord's role themselves.

Before they could get close though, the magic of Mjyrn along with Harry's own had fought off the dark magic and lashed out violently in all directions to remove any other potential threat. Not many could see through the haze of magic but if they could they would have seen Harry's body, nearly lifeless on the ground. The magic pulsed from there, healing him and protecting him. The three Death Eaters who had stayed were killed as they tried to force their way through the haze. It was almost an hour later before the haze died down, the sword had disappeared and Harry sat up slowly holding his head.

The teachers and students had already recovered and were all waiting around him besides a few who were injured. The Aurors had shown up ten minutes after Voldemort was killed. Harry didn't care for any attempts to stop him or question him. He walked straight out of the hall. The Aurors didn't dare to stand in his way, not after what they had seen and what he had done. At some point he might have heard the Minister for magic screaming at him. Or maybe it was about him. Who cares?

He walked slowly across the grounds of Hogwarts, his limbs feeling foreign. Camera flashes and questions followed him along with many silent people. Harry didn't care for that. He had somewhere to be. At some point, he broke into a run. He wasn't faster than all of them, sure. The paparazzi, or whatever the wizarding equivalent was. Tabloid journalists, maybe. Anyway, they didn't get pictures and 'scoops' by being outrun all the time. Still. He had lost a large number of people and the ones who did manage to keep up saw him dive head first into a ditch in the ground. Though when they looked into the ditch...

No one was there.

A/N: Next one is epilogue. Ask any plot related questions you have and I may answer them at the end or during. Or maybe before. Anyway, if you are wondering about the whole Tonks thing, it was a



dream but with 'special properties'. You might have gpt that or not.  
Just to be safe.

(I did warn you this chapter would be shit.)

Till next time.

Get closer.

## Aftermath

“I think this year went rather well.”

“What?”

“Yeah. Voldemort’s dead. No more manipulative influences in my life.”

“And the fact that Ron’s body is still hanging impaled on a spike in your house, Dumbledore’s body is slumped on the floor in his office. Both kind of caused by you. Not intentionally I know but there’s also the fact that the minister for magic wants to have you given the kiss.”

“There is all that but I still think there is one thing that out ways it all.”

“What’s that?”

“You.” Harry smiled and leant down to give Tonks a kiss. They were currently lying on the sofa in the living room of 12 Grimauld Place. Harry had apparated them there and locked the door before reviving Tonks. She had been angry at first but couldn’t hold onto it when Harry looked so battered. Instead she had pulled him down onto the sofa and held him, running circles in his back. After about five minutes of lying there, Harry had picked his head up and kissed her. They had stayed together kissing for another half an hour before they started talking.

“So do want to know what happened?” Harry asked.

“I know.” Tonks said simply.

“You know?”

“Yep. Saw it all in a dream. You were extremely reckless at the end. I thought you were going to die.”

“So that voice really was you.” Harry pondered for a moment. “How much did you see?”

“The whole fight. And afterwards there was a strange light. Kinda’ greenish purple. Hard to describe. After that. You woke me up here.” Harry nodded, he didn’t have much recollection of the light but had an idea that it was from the sword.

“When I let Voldemort stab me. You saw me tense?” Harry said, hoping to relieve something that seemed to annoy Tonks. She nodded. “I was focusing my magic. ‘Cause of the link, I suppose, I managed to redirect his blow so it missed any vital organs. Just muscles, blood veins, and my ribs. So my sword seemed to be able to heal it. Still ain’t got my fingers back, though.” Harry added staring blankly at the space where his two missing fingers would have been.

“You could grow them back, you know. With your Metamorphagus powers.” Tonks said, hugging him slightly. Harry nodded and looked at his fingers, or lack thereof. He focused strongly and after a few seconds, a greenish purple light pushed out from his hand, followed by the flesh and bone of his fingers. He flexed them experimentally. They felt stiff but usable.

“Cross loosing fingers off the bad list of happenings this year.”

Tonks smiled sheepishly. “I suppose it has been good then, all things considered.”

“Mmm.” Harry said, lying at Tonks side, his face now buried in Tonks hair. He was silent for a while and Tonks thought he had gone to sleep. A few minutes later though, he propped up again. “I was going to wait but now I think about it, the school may well be closed down. And if it isn’t, I don’t want to go back. So...” Harry shifted off of the sofa and looked down at Tonks before going down on one knee and looking at her level. She sat up, seeing how he was positioned. “Now, I don’t have a ring or a fancy backdrop. They may have to wait but... I can’t think of anyone I would rather spend my life with. So, Nym...”

“Will you marry me?”

A/N: Bwahahahaha. That's right. A cliff hanger on the end of a story. I am just too evil.

But never fear. There will most likely be a sequel. Not right away though because I have many other plots requesting to be put into creation. Also I'm not too sure where to go with the sequel. Any ideas from you?

Anyhoo... End of the story. Quite a short epilogue really. Alas. It was where I decided to end. So...

Until next story.

May the Force be with you.

Always.

(Also. Another story of mine will be put up on the site next week. I adopted the chronicles of riddick one on this section. Check it out, maybe.)